

16 Stakes are Over the Top!

Is YOURS One of Them?



HOLLYWOOD STAKE TABERNACLE
Hollywood Stake, now over the top, leads the Church in numbers;
Snowflake leads in percentage



Wilmirth Skousen Juarez Stake



M. T. Johnson Minidoka Stake



Helen E. Wilcock Big Horn Stake

LEADERS IN TOTAL NUMBER OF SUBSCRIPTIONS

OF SUBSCRIPTIONS								
1.	Hollywood	570						
2.	Los Angeles	550						
	Fremont							
4.	Liberty	534						
5.	St. Joseph	51						
6.	Maricopa	458						
7.	North Weber	453						
8.	Ogden	44:						
9.	Salt Lake	440						
LO.	Ensign	413						

STAKES LEADING IN PERCENTAGE

	OF QUOTA	
1.	Snowflake	142
2.	Union	126
3.	Moapa	124
4.	Curlew	122
5.	Juarez	119
6.	Maricopa	116
7.	Kanab	110
8.	St. Joseph	109
9.	Big Horn	107
10.	Fremont	107

April 15 -- A Month and a Half to Go!

Make these closing weeks count in order that you, too, may be among those who go "Over the Top"

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

50 NORTH MAIN ST., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

The Improvement ERA

"MAKER OF WILLOWS AND MAKER OF MEN. THANK YOU FOR MAKING THEM NEW AGAIN."

Photo by W. B. Hales.

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A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, Mutual Improvement Associations and Department of Education
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A MEXICAN HOME, CARBON COUNTY, UTAH-BY CORNELIUS SALISBURY

The Land of MANA

Leah Ivins Cardon

ECAUSE was only nine I could not understandbut I remember. Many of the events preparatory to the long journey are as vivid in my memory as if they had happened yester-day. The sweet stoicism of my mother when she learned of my father's decision what woman of delicate health would not shrink

at the prospect of leaving the home she had known since childhood and going with a family of seven into far away Old Mexico) -the sewing bees when neighbors came in to make button-holes or even en-

tire garments for us children-the day my father came home and delivered a sharp reprimand upon the suggestion of an over solicitous neighbor that we make a small quilt padded with new lengths of cloth, lace, ribbons, etc., to "get past the customs officials.'

This neighbor had lived in Colonia Juarez and it was she who painted for us children a picture of the fairyland to which we were going—the house in which

we were to live-"so near the hills "so large that two would make a good sized dish"—the river running through the center of the town.

that one rose almost out of the back yard"—the huge strawberries

All these things fired our childish imaginations and made us eager to start upon the journey.

And start we did, one fine morning, in our wagons with Mother lying on a bed in the back of one of

them. I thrill to this day when I think of that jour-Weeks of wagon travel, Salt Lake for the first time-a real citythen the train trip to the Mexican border—the first in the lives of us younger children. The stay at the border in an old adobe house, sleeping in quilts on the floor, then the wagon

trip into the colonies.

What could be more wonderful to a child of nine than the night we camped under the huge cottonwood? The great camp fire my father built,

THE IVINS HOME, JUAREZ, MEXICO. EVERY TREE AND SHRUB WAS PLANTED BY THE IVINS FAMILY



Leah Ivins Cardon is the wife of Professor Vincent Cardon, director of the Experiment Station at the Utah State Agricultural College, and a daughter of President A. W. Ivins. When Aunt Susa Young Gates read this article she was so pleased with the picture of pioneer life in Mexico which it presented that she brought it in to "The Improvement Era" office. We held on to it for the reason that we think it is important as a historical document. Mrs. Cardon kindly consented to its publication.

the supper cooked on the hot rocks around it, the making of the beds, undressing in the open, crawling between the blankets, and then the voices of the men sounding far away as they made final preparations for the night, the occasional call of a night bird or howl of a coyote. I tingle as I write about that night.

Our arrival at Colonia Dublan just at dark several days later caused the greatest excitement. We were there! "No," father told us, "Colonia Juarez is eighteen miles to the west. We shall have another ride tomorrow." But we were going to Brother Harris' for supper and it would seem good to eat in a house once more. They put before us thick white bowls full of milk and great plates of bread. But what bread! We were to become used enough to dark bread and to brown sugar and fri-

joles too, but that made it none the less interesting at the time.

IT seems strange that after months of anticipation, the actual arrival at Colonia Juarez is entirely forgotten. Perhaps it is because I was ill. For days after our arrival my temperature was so high that I was delirious at times. I can understand, now that I have children of my own, my Mother's tears as she bent over me. Far away from her own people in a foreign countryno medical advice or assistance available-it must have been quite a different "arrival" for Mother than for us children. But the Elders were called in several times to 'administer" to me and I soon recovered.

We stayed the first few days at Uncle Jode Bentley's. Uncle Jode's family seemed very strange to me. There were two mothers—Aunt



LEAH IVINS IN MEXICO

Maggie and Aunt Gladys. They lived in the same house and their children played together just as we children did. And every night and morning Aunt Gladys, who was the younger and was the "second wife," came in and kissed the older woman. They were devoted to each other. It all seemed strange to me at first, but I soon became accustomed to it and even began to feel "different" from the other girls of the town because I had no "Auntie." And when I asked Mother about it she explained pa-tiently just how the Mormon colonies had been founded years before by the Church as a place of refuge for the Latter-day Saints who preferred to live in a foreign country true to their convictions and their wives and children than to endure any longer the persecution met with in Utah. And although my father had never "taken another wife" I realized, in a measure, that the same devotion which had been responsible for the establishment of these colonies had brought him to Mexico in response to the call from his Church-he having filled two previous missions to that country.

But I cannot even now appreciate fully what it meant to him. an ambitious, scholarly man, to "give away" the great ranch on the Kaibab mountain which as the result of long years of hard work and good management, was stocked with sleek, fat cattle. To decline the invitation of his party to run for the governorship of his state when it looked as though there

FULVIA IVINS, LEFT, BORN IN MEXICO, AND RINDA TAYLOR





AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE AT THE IVINS HOME AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE AT THE IVINS HOME
Front row, left to right: McGina Official, Henry Eyring, Gow. Miguel Ahumada, State of
Chihuahua, Mexico; A. W. Ivins, Enrique Portello, Jefe Politico.
Middle row: W. D. Johinson, Mexican Official, Sec. to Governor, Helaman Pratt, Orson P.
Antoine R. Ivins.
Back row: Mr. Ramsey, Manager of the Mexican railroad; Mexican Official, Mexican Official,
In front, Old Trailer, the Ivins Dog.

would be a landslide in his favor. must have been hard.

Soon our house was ready. To the townspeople it was a really fine place-and certainly it seemed so to us children. Wasn't there running water in the kitchen, which came from a cistern up on the hill? No other house in town could boast such a luxury. And wasn't the front part of it built years before by our grandfather, Erastus Snow, who as one of Brigham Young's colonizers established the Mexican Colonies? True it was built of Mexican adobes—nothing but mud —two square rooms downstairs and two up-a plain rectangular house with no verandah. But I am sure there was a dignity about it that contributed to our sense of importance. Perhaps the palm in the front yard helped.

Father had built on to the back. with red brick, a bedroom, a dining room and an office. The dining room was in the center and from it projected a passage way leading to the frame kitchen, behind which was the brick cellar. I used to

wonder how it would look if it went right into the hill. After that my imagination knew no limits. The imagined extension of the house became a place of mysterious underground passages and great dark rooms.

Early one morning, a few months after our arrival, Father came into the room where we four younger children were sleeping and waked us up. "I have something in Mother's room to show you,

he said, "What do you think it is?"

We guessed a deer, then a tur-key! We hadn't vet become sufficiently accustomed to seeing the men ride into the yard with wild game behind the saddle not to think it the most wonderful event in the world. But it was neither deer nor turkey, but a new baby sisterthe last of our family of eight. And Mother-refined, delicate Mother -had once more known the pangs of childbirth, this time in a faraway land with only the services of a mid-wife.

I think the baby was sent to my parents to help them through the years to follow. She was a dark little beauty and surely has meant more to them than any other of

their children!

When Mother had difficulty feeding her, a good sister whose babe was near the same age offered to nurse her. True, the Thurber baby went hungry occasionally, but the mother, who was a "second wife," was glad of an opportunity to help my mother. The people depended upon one another for help in the colonies-upon one another and God.

T BECAME friendly with the little girl who lived across the arroyo from us, and I never tired of watching her big sisters braid clean sweetsmelling wheat straw for hats. They knew the most beautiful patterns. My mother smiled when I told her one day that I thought the braid much prettier before it was made into hats.

One day I went with the little girl and her "half sister" to take a dainty cup pudding to her "Auntie" who was ill.

Auntie" was pleased with the pudding and then Etta asked her if "Pa" had some socks and a clean shirt at her house. There was a pair of socks but no shirt, so over to "Aunt" Katy's we trapsed and there we found the clean shirt. What "Pa" would have done if there had been no shirt at "Aunt" Katy's I am still wondering, for next day was Sunday.

(To be Continued) JUAREZ ACADEMY, MEXICO



THAT DRESS!

Jacqueline bought a dress, as many another girl has done, but not all purchases are so troublesome.

ACQUELINE pressed her little nose against the plateglass show window, quite unmindful of the soot that might be there to smudge it. She wasn't very tall and the March wind whipped her last-spring's coat tightly about her, making her look inadequately slender. There was an interesting little bun of cinnamon brown hair curled softly against her neck, soft and white as a baby's. A saucy little hat dipped toward a carefully penciled eye-brow. Her pretty mouth touched with too vivid a lip stick was unusually wistful. She looked more child than woman (in reality she was nearly nineteen-had just completed her second quarter at college.) Now her whole attention was fastened on a dress in the window.

"That dress—why, it's perfect!"
Her young heart was singing. It
was a pink net dress—a lovely
dawn-like thing. Her eyes took in
with growing fascination the telling details of the frock—tiny net
ruffles—rows and rows of them—
cunning puffed sleeves—the grand
sweep of the skirt—the clever twist
of blue satin that girdled the waist

—a blue soft as an April sky. April and the "spring formal" less than two weeks away. Oh, she simply must have that dress. Not because she was used to having such things—dear, no. But this dress was just made for her. She already had a date for this important spring dance with Francis Duncan. It was terribly important that she look her best. More important than anything else had ever been. Yes, she must have that dress,

There was a twenty-dollar bill in her purse and the dress was marked \$18.75, but her father had given her this money to pay her dentist. To some girls buying a dress with money that had been given them for another purpose would mean nothing, but to Jac-

queline it would be fraught with serious consequences. To her father it would be a crime—he would call it stealing—he would never be able to let Jacqueline forget that in principle she was a thief. Jacqueline knew this all too well. But this dress had an appeal she could not resist. She must have it.

Really, it was almost too bad she had had ten minutes to window shop before her dental appointment. If she hadn't seen the dress, she wouldn't be letting herself in for all this trouble. This thought flitted across her mind as she entered the elevator but it was quickly displaced by a firm conviction that

not to have seen the dress would have been nothing short of tragic —just like missing one's affinity. Two red spots glowed in her pale cheeks and her knees were trembly when she got off at the fourth floor.

Buying the dress was the matter of only a few minutes. She paid for it and arranged to have it sent to Crawford, the nearby town where she attended college.

Jacqueline was home for the Easter holidays. That meant—always had meant since she was a little girl—visiting the dentist. Their old family dentist had died recently and her present visits were Jacqueline's first acquaintance with

Illustrated by PAUL CLOWES

IF SHE HADN'T SEEN THE DRESS, SHE WOULDN'T BE LETTING HER SELF IN FOR ALL THIS TROUBLE. THIS THOUGHT FILITED ACROSS HER MIND AS SHE ENTERED THE ELEVATOR BUT IT WAS QUICKLY DISPLACED BY A FIRM CONVICTION THAT NOT TO HAVE SEEN NOTHING SHORT OF TRAGIC—JUST LIKE MISSING ONE'S AFFINITY.



KATHLEEN B. NELSON



Dr. Sheldon, the new dentist. Dr. Sheldon was not young -he was bald, jolly - and very sympathetic. He had been so gentle when he pulled that wisdom tooth. Old Dr. Smith had always been gruff, matter - of - fact. Everyone had called him the blacksmith. Dr. Sheldon was so different. He knew just when to be sympathetic. He conveyed his feeling by patting the lady's shoulder and gazing soulfully into her eyes. He charged nothing extra for this serv-

Jacqueline was conning over busily Dr. Sheldon's fine points. She thought she could fix things up with him, He was really very kind. So sure of herself was she now, or rather so reckless, that she paused at the jewelry counter and spent the remaining \$1.25 on a string of beadscrystals, palely blue, to match the sash on the frock. Jacqueline gasped with delight when she saw themthey reminded her of a willow bough strung with raindrops-a picture she always associated with that first time Francis Duncan had walked from school with her. Why, how could \$1.25 mean as much to her as those beads?

AT the dentists it was not so easy: to explain why her father

must not receive a bill; to find a way to pay her indebtedness herself. Finally after many inaudible attempts her voice came through timidly.

"Dr. Sheldon, will you do me a favor?"

Try me, little one!"

Why did Jacqueline so dislike the tone of that "little one?" She wished she could have unsaid that favor sentence-but he was looking expectant, so she hurried on.

'Don't send my father a bill for

this work."

Dr. Sheldon actually winced. After all business was businessa little pressure of the hand was all right, helping the ladies on with their wraps, opening the door for them, even kissing their finger-tips if they were very pretty-but even to mention the sacred subject of money here—that was bad taste.

He fiddled long with his mortar and pestle before he finally managed jocosely. "Father's bank

"Oh, no—only he thinks—I mean-oh, please let me do something to pay for it myself." Suddenly the Doctor became very interested. She really was pretty, and so very young—ah—just one good time—a few dances and kisses, that's all he'd ask of her. It would be well worth it. Really she was a dear helpless little thing. He'd see that no harm came to her.

"And what could you do?" he

parried.

"I make wall hangings right well. Batiks-dyed pictures you know. One would look beautiful in your reception room. rough plaster is just the back-ground."

"And would one be worth

\$20?

'It would have to be very good to be worth that, I suppose.' Jacqueline had never sold any of her batiks though she had two in the exhibit room at College.

Yes-and it might be very bad." Dr. Sheldon frowned.

"It might." Jacqueline agreed then after a moment's thought, "I might write you some ads," she began again hopefully. "I got an A in advertising.

"No-that won't do-dentists

don't advertise."

'I could come over and keep things tidy for you if I weren't going to school.

'Oh, come, do you think I'd let (Continued on page 183)

The INDIANS

THE tradition of the Mormons, as a church and as a community, is a pro-Indian tradition. Much of the present thinking at Washington, dealing with the Indian problem, is due to the year-in and year-out efforts of a Mormon, Senator William H. King. The Mormons have themselves demonstrated, through their own ways of living and of doing business, what it is that the Indians now need.

I can best state the new program for Indians by describing some of the past policies policies which made the laws under which Indians are even now compelled to live.

The United States commenced by making treaties with the Indians. Hundreds of treaties were made, with lavish promises. Then they were broken, with perfect recklessness. It was the Government itself which broke them.

This resulted in a condition of border warfare, which was the typical state of Indian life for nearly a hundred years.

As a result, the management of Indians not merely was carried out by the army, but it was carried out as a system of martial law. The Indian was either an enemy or a prisoner.

The Indians lived as tribes and held their land as tribes, and their ability to resist the depredations of whites was largely an expression of their tribal strength and loyalty.

Hence, it became the official policy to destroy Indian tribal life. The same policy called for the destruction of Indian tribal land-holdings.

Tribal life was rooted in family life; hence, it became a sort of war



The Indians ought to have a "new deal," says Mr. Collier, and in this enlightening article written especially for The Improvement Era, he points out what form the "deal" should take.



Utah Has Total of 1,785 Indians, Report Shows

UTAH has an Indian population of 1.785, it is revealed in the annual report of John Collier, commissioner of Indian affairs, says an Associated Press dispatch from Washington, D. C. The total number of Indians in the country on June 30, 1933, was 320,454, an increase of

The total number of Indians in the country on June 30, 1933, was 320,454, an increase of 3,220 over the previous year. Of those on reservations, 118,076 were men and 113,672 women, with the sex of six not indicated.

The report also shows that Idaho has 4,202 Indians; Nevada, 5,083; Wyoming, 2,115; Arizona, 43,927; Colorado, 819, and New Mexico, 34,196.

Oklahoma has the most Indians, where the members of five civilized tribes were included. It had 94,707, or 29.6 per cent of the aggregate Indian population. Arizona was second.

The Navajo tribe was the greatest numerically, having 40,962 members, with the Stoux, including the Assiniboin, second, with 33,168, and the Chippewa, third, with 23,647.

-Associated Press.

measure on the part of the United States to destroy the Indian family.

The destruction of tribe, tribal lands, and family was sought through a number of devices which are with us even today.

THE first of these devices was the government boarding school, through which the child was divorced from his family and his community. The object of these schools was to destroy the relationship between the older and younger generation of Indians, and to root out of the Indian child the mem-

ories and loyalties which made him, spiritually and emotionally, an Indian.

Along with the boarding school, there was set up a more far-reaching scheme of forcing upon each individual Indian a parcel of land, while leaving the family, as a family, in possession of no land at all. Forced allotment was made general in 1887. In that year the Indians had 133,000,000 acres of land. Today, as a result of forced allotment, the Indians own 47,000,000 acres of land. Half of the residual lands are desert or semi-desert areas. Allotment, in other words, has cut down the Indian land wealth in the amount probably of 80%.

Allotment necessitated the sale of the allotted lands after the original allottee died. Almost never could the Indian heirs buy back the heirship lands. They went to whites.

The scheme of destroying the natural life of the Indians, including the family life, and of forcing an unworkable land-holding arrangement upon the Indians, inevitably resulted in the continuance of arbitrary management. Such arbitrary management, in order not to be corrupt, had to be centered at Washington, and there was built up the intricate, centralized bureaucracy of the Indian Service.

and the NEW DEAL

U. S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs

With each passing year, the complications of allotment increased. They grew greater even while the allotted area dwindled. The Indian Service became an immeasurable real estate operation, leasing and selling allotted lands and administering the proceeds derived from these lands. Frequently a single allotment belonged to as many as 200 separate heirs, and one Indian would possess an equity in a score of separate allotments. The reader can imagine w h a t bureaucratic complications came about, and these complications exist in full force today and are, incidentally, costing the Indians and the Government millions of fruitless dollars every year.

THE total effect of these past policies was to push the In-

dian down to the lowest round of the social scale. More than 100,-000 of the Indians were made too tally landless, and a greater number than that are practically pauperized today. It must be remembered that there are fewer than 350.000 Indians.

The statement above made will indicate why the new program has been undertaken. What is that new program?

In the first place, we propose to



JOHN COLLIER

substitute community day schools for boarding schools for all Indian children other than those who require institutional care. From the fiscal year 1932 to the fiscal year 1935, we will have reduced Indian boarding school attendance from 22,000 to 13,600.

Second, we propose to change the allotment system, forbidding the sale of Indian lands to whites; encouraging the Indians to put their grazing lands back into tribal

ownership; buying back for the tribes the allotted lands which have passed into the heirship class; consolidating the allotments; and adding new lands where the holdings are insufficient. This is the dominant feature of the new Indian program, and nothing else will be more worth while unless the land situation is met.

We do not propose a wholesale substitution of communal for individual tenure of land, but only to make it possible that Indians shall use the welltried and essentially modern devices of partnership and of corporate ownership and operation, in those cases where these business methods are the most efficient course.

The third element in our program is to permit and help the Indians to organize them-

selves into mutual-aid groups. Frequently these groups will be municipal corporations. In other cases they will be credit-unions or cooperative marketing societies. Definitely, we seek to put the control of Indian life back into Indian hands, while preserving the guardianship and responsibility of the United States.

An element of program which goes along with the rest is the de-

(Continued on page 163)



Here is a new angle to the Indian question.

FIVE NATIONALITIES-INDIANS, MEX-ICANS, HAWAIIANS, MAORIS, SAMOAN, ALL MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH

Blood Grouping Among the INDIANS URING the World

War two German doctors, L. and H. Hirszfeld, took advantage of their opportunity to study the blood group distribution among 16 different peoples serving in the armies on the Balkan front. Since that

time an avalanche of data has accumulated in the scientific literature on the percentage distribution of the blood groups among various races and peoples. Not the least interesting of this data is that concerning the blood groups among the American Indians.

Without explaining in detail the theoretical mechanism of the blood groups, it can briefly be said that any person can be placed into one of four blood groups on the basis of the clumping together of the red blood cells in a drop of blood taken from the individual by serum from the blood of another person of a known group.

It is important to know that the factors by which the blood groups are determined are hereditary and follow the Mendelian laws of heredity just the same as brown eyes or any other dominant characteristic. It is, indeed, because of this very fact that it is possible,

within limits, to utilize the blood groups in establishing non-patern-

By G. ALBIN MATSON

The Author

THE Author was born at Rexburg, Idaho, a son of John E., and Anna Mathilda (Kjelin) Matson, now living at 3981 Highland Drive, Salt Lake City. He filled a mission in the Central States 1919-21, and was graduated from the University of Utah in 1927 with a B. A. degree in Education.

He attended Kansas | University two years as student and assistant instructor in bacteriology where he received his M. A. degree in 1929; taught bacteriology and chemistry in Snow College at Ephraim, Utah, 1929-30.

He has been assistant professor in bacteriology, University of Montana since 1930, but is now on a leaveof-absence attending the Washington University School of Medicine where he is working toward the Ph. D. in bacteriology and immunology.

ity when the father of a child is in question. It is because of the difference in blood groups, too, that great care must be exercised in testing the compatibility of the blood of the donor and patient before a blood transfusion, as blood from a person of

the wrong group may produce shock or even death of the patient.

One of the important observations in connection with the heredity of the blood groups is the fact that there appears to be a constant percentage distribution of the four groups among various peoples. For example, the English and Americans have a distribution of about 46.4 per cent of group I, 43.4 per cent group II, 7.2 per cent group III, and 3.0 per cent group IV. Gypsies on the other hand have been reported as having a distribution of 34.2 per cent group I, 21.1 per cent group II, 38.9 per cent group III, 5.8 per cent group IV.

The percentage distribution of the blood groups among full blooded American Indians has been a matter of particular interest to anthropologists and serologists, since there has consistently been reported a very high percentage of group

(Continued on page 163)



BLACKFOOT TEPEES, CALGARY, CANADA

THE Book of Mormon, revealed by divine authority, furnishes perfect information regarding the true religion that Jesus Christ established on the earth for the

benefit of mankind.

The Book of Mormon gives to the world information free from doubt with a certainty of satisfaction of its truthfulness and of its

authenticity.

The Book of Mormon gives plenty of thought for spiritual development and it invites investigation from any source. It gives one an insight to his pre-existent state, and the correct instructions how to live this life; and then the greatest satisfaction of all, the life hereafter.

The Book of Mormon leaves nothing out and has taught me to realize the importance of my Lamanite parents and my fellow

tribesmen.

I know the Book of Mormon has loosened the bonds of the poor and lowly Indian. Too much cannot be said in its favor.

The Book of Mormon has become a part of my life, because I have received consoling satisfaction, with a certainty which the soul yearns for. I have divine knowledge of the truthfulness of the Book of Mormon; and that Jesus Christ is our Redeemer, and Joseph Smith was a true prophet of the Gospel.

J. J. GALBREATH.

HENRY WOONSOOK, SCOUT MASTER; FRANKIE TIMBIMBOO, MORONI TIMBIMBOO, A BISHOP'S COUNSELOR, WASHAKIE INDIANS; J. J. GAL-BREATH, AUTHOR OF THIS TESTIMONY.

The Book of Mormon By

KEE-PI-PO-KAYO
(One Hundred Bears)

A letter to J. J. Galbreath, Browning, Montana, brought among other things, this testimony to the value of the Book of Mormon to him. Mr. Galbreath is part Scotch and part Indian, as his mother was a full blooded Blackfeet woman. His Indian name is Kee-pi-po-Kayo, meaning One Hundred Bears. Mr. Galbreath appeared in the Genealogical pageant which was held in the Great Tabernacle last April.



Meeting PLENTY-COUPS

Frank B. Linderman

Author of "American," "Red Mother," and other Indian stories



FIRST met Plenty-coups, chief of the Crows, forty-two years ago next August. Having quit the Flathead country where I had spent the winter trapping and the springs and falls riding for small cow-outfits on the Flathead reservation I engaged to help drive fifty large Oregon mares to Billings, from Missoula, Montana. I have forgotten the name of the man who employed me, excepting that I called him "Bill." I have even forgotten the number of days we traveled, and nearly everything about the trip, excepting my meeting with Plenty-coups.

It was nearly sundown, and so sultry that the mares were wet with perspiration when we camped for the night in a cottonwood bottom not far from Billings. Just below us in the bottom there were six lodges of Crows. I remember that Bill was worried by their presence, not for his own safety, but because he feared that the Indians might relieve him of some of the mares.

While I was unpacking our only pack-horse, a powerfully built Indian whose bearing would have attracted anybody's attention, walked slowly from his lodge, and around our band of mares, his critical eyes

appraising the lot. "Big and strong," he said to me in the signlanguage.
"Yes." I signed, hastily turning

the pack-horse loose.

My ready sign-answer seemed to please the Indian. Anyhow he came to me and sat down, asking Where are you from?'

"Flathead," I answered; and then while the Indian told me that the Flatheads were brave warriors, that he had often fought them, that he did not like their country because of its many mountains, Bill joined us, wondering at the ease of our conversation.

"BIG AND STRONG," HE SAID TO ME IN THE SIGN-LANGUAGE. "YES," I SIGNED, HASTILY TURNING THE PACK-HORSE LOOSE.

When the Indian told me his name I knew that my quick appraisal of his character had been correct, since I had often heard of the sagacity and prowess of this Crow chief. He had supper with us. and later on several other Crows came to our camp, so that it was late when Bill bedded down, leaving me to guard the mares until nearly dawn. However the Chief and I had enjoyed our visit, and vet I could not forget the

Since his book, "American," met with such hearty acclaim last year among our men and boys when it appeared as a reading course book, Mr. Li nd er m an agreed to tell of his meeting with the great Absarokee (Crow) Chief, especially for The Improvement Era. That meeting is here described.

Illustration by PAUL CLOWES



hatred that had shown in his eyes when I told him my Piegan name. "No good, Pecunnie," he had signed so emphatically that I had smiled.

THE Indians were gone from the bottom before we had our breakfast, and although I saw Plenty-coups several times in after years I never again talked with him until I went to the Crow country to gather the stories published in the book, "Old-Man Coyote." Upon reaching the reservation I immediately made a formal call upon the Chief, wondering if he remembered my one-time acquaintance with the Piegans, and would hold it against me; indeed I wondered if he would remember of ever having met me, since he was now an old man.

My sign-talking had grown rusty for want of practice, so that I now had an interpreter with me. "Yes," Plenty-coups said after a moment's scrutiny, "I know him. I am glad to see him again." Nevertheless I wondered if the old man was only being polite until, turning to me, he said, "You are Sign-talker, the man who had the big mares."

I was delighted now, because besides the formality of my call I had a secret reason for it. I wished to write the Chief's life-story. I believed that no such work had ever been done, that no real Indian Chief had ever told his life-story to a white man for publication; and of all the Chiefs of my acquaintance Plenty-coups was my first choice for this. because he had seen

more of the old Indian life than PLENTY-COUPS, CHIEF OF THE CROWS

more of the old Indian life than any of the others. And besides, the Crows had been obliged to fight continually for their very existence. I believed that if Plenty-coups had liked me well enough to have given me the name, Sign-Talker, so long ago he might tell me his story. I burned to ask him at once to begin work on the instant. But somehow I did not dare to mention the story-telling. I felt that if he once refused to tell me his story I could never get it.

I conspired with other men who were close to the Chief, among them John Frost, a half-blood, and yet I finished my other work and left the reservation without having mentioned the story-telling to Plenty-coups. However John Frost had promised to watch carefully for an opportunity to bring up the question with the old man, and two years later a note from John brought me joy. "Plenty-coups says he will tell you his story, and he wants you to come here right away," he wrote.

I had just promised to go fishing in the Black Hills with President Coolidge and Governor McKelvie of Nebraska. Now I decided to make one trip answer for a visit to

(Continued on page 164)

N Tuesday afternoon, just as the sun was turning itself into a big, red, transparent balloon, and getting ready to hide behind the pointed tips of blue mountains, the belated postman came to the house of the Senora Dona Paulina de Trevino, bringing with him one thin letter and one yellow The Senora Dona Paulina de Trevino looked at the letter, and then at the card; and again at the letter, and again at the card; lifted her long black silk skirt in one hand, and her long slender walking-cane in the other, and pattered down the long, gaily tiled hall until she came to the door of the Senorita Gene Vincent, Americana. Here she stopped abruptly, rapped vigorously, and waited eagerly until the gay voice and the gay smile of the Senorita Americana bade her "Come in!

"Gracias," came the gracious reply. And the Senora Dona Paulina de Trevino bowed three times in succession, smiled without stopping, and dropped the letter into Gene Vincent's expectant right hand—and the card into her equally expectant left hand, and waited to see what she would do.

One letter, and one yellow card. And to the great surprise of Dona Paulina, the unuderstandable Gene Vincent shrugged a slender shoulder as she glanced into the precious hand-carved mirror on her right, tossed the letter disdainfully onto the precious hand-carved table on her left, and began reading the yellow

card. But before she had read more than three of the strangely printed words on its mysterious face, she frowned ever so slightly with the inner edges of two tantalizingly trim eyebrows and said solemnly, "Three dollars and ten cents. I

won't pay that much!"
"T'ree dollar, ten cent? For
w'y?" questioned Dona Paulina.

"That's what I don't know. The card says that there's a box for me at the post office, and that if I come for it, and sign for it, and pay three pesos and ten cents for

The PUDDING C H I L D

Ora Lewis

Senorita Gene Vincent, Americana, had a fine big box from home and in one corner of it a mottled panbut then, you'll want to know about the contents of that pan.



it, it's mine to take home with me and keep forever if I choose. But it may be an empty box for all I know."

"No—not em'ty box—fool box. May be from dose Unite' States.

"May be," said Gene Vincent, "and I think before they change their minds I'll go see."

SHE walked seven noisy blocks, and climbed two flights of dusty stairs before she came to the Customs Office and presented her yellow card to the solicitous collector of revenues, who smiled at her through his blackbarred window and spoke to her through his black-barred moustache. He examined carefully the number on the card, and then from one of the long rows of shelves in whose presence he spent his days, he selected not the largest, nor the heaviest, but certainly the most promising-looking package in the room and brought it to her. "Three pesos and ten cents," she said to herself as she counted the coins.



"That's one dollar American money. It's perfect robbery!"

But when once she had reached her room, torn off the last layers of crinkly paper, and lifted the lid of the shiny tin box that she found within, she uttered a little gasp of delight that meant that the three pesos and ten cents didn't matter. There before her were perfect plots of tiny tempting cakes and captivating candies; miniature mince pies and saucy pop-corn balls; and in one corner, a mottled metal pan which held a curious something

somehow gold and brown. She touched it lightly with her fingertips, and then lifted it close to her face. She took a long breath—and another—and another, and with a cry of ecstasy made proclamation to the understanding ears of the universe that she, Gene Vincent, was the proud possessor of the most priceless delicacy in all Mexico—an English plum pudding!

You who have never been away from home lost in a country where men speak neither your language nor your food may never experience the thrill that comes with a bit of bread from home—a bit of cake—a bit of anything. But of all the joys on earth, none can compare with the palpitating pleasure in the promise of a plum pudding. What should she do with it? She must provide an occasion worthy of the treat.

LONG she had wished that she might make a dinner for the old Senoraa real, honest to goodness American dinner with little green peas and new potatoes and hot rolls and jelly and thick butter. But she had never yet been brave enough to battle with the tin braserostove that had to be fanned and coaxed and fussed over. and even then sent angry little sparks shooting into people's faces. No, a whole dinner was out of the question. But dessert she could provide. Could and would. It would be worth the trouble to hear the long words of praise that Don Pancho would have for her, the "Mire mama!" of little Nena, and the slow smiles of approbation from young Carlos and the Senora. Yes. that was the thing. They would all have plum pudding for Sunday dinner.

But in the meantime she must hide the treasure. For Tris, the servant girl, displayed a weakness for Gene Vincent's sweets—the sweets that seldom came, but when they did were welcome things, and disappeared with unbelievable rapidity when Gene herself had scarcely tasted them. There was one place Tris would never look. That was behind her trunk! Many

a time and oft had the broadbacked shoulders and innocent looking face of that trunk hidden stray papers and gathered dust; and many a time and oft had Tris been reprimanded for her carelessness. But still the dust remained and the papers continued to gather until Gene herself removed them. And so behind the trunk the pudding went, just as Dona Paulina tapped questioningly on the door.

All that week the thought of Sunday dinner was to Gene the

(Continued on page 185)

William George Jordan

Power of Truth

THIS world would be a delightful place to live in—if it were not for the people. They really cause all the trouble. Man's worst enemy is always man. He began to throw the responsibility of his transgressions on someone else in the Garden of Eden, and he has been doing so ever since.

The greater part of the pain, sorrow and misery in life is purely a human invention, yet man, with cowardly irreverence, dares to throw the responsibility on God. It comes through breaking laws, laws natural, physical, civic, mental or moral. These are laws which man knows, but he disregards; he takes chances; he thinks he can dodge results in some way. But Nature says, "He who breaks, pays." There are no dead-letter laws on the divine statute-books of life. When a man permits a torchlight procession to parade through a powder magazine, it is not courteous for him to refer to the subsequent explosion as "one of the mysterious workings of Providence."

Nine-tenths of the world's sorrow, misfortune and unhappiness is preventable. The daily newspapers are the great chroniclers of the dominance of the unnecessary. Paragraph after paragraph, column after column, and page after page of the dark story-accidents, disasters, crime, scandal, human weakness and sin-might be checked off with the word "preventable." In each instance were our information full enough, our analysis keen enough, we could trace each back to its cause, to the weakness or the wrong from which it emanated. Sometimes it is carelessness, inattention, neglect of duty, avarice, anger, jealousy, dissipation, betrayal of trust, selfishness, hypocrisy, revenge, dishonesty,-any of a hundred phases of the preventable.

That which can be prevented, should be prevented. It all rests with the individual. The "preventable" exists in three degrees:

The Conquest of the Preventable

First, that which is due to the individual solely and directly; second, that which he suffers through the wrongdoing of those around him, other individuals; third, those instances wherein he is the unnecessary victim of the wrongs of society, the innocent legatee of the folly of humanity—and society is but the massing of thousands of individuals with the heritage of manners, customs and laws they have received from the past.

WE sometimes feel heart-sick and weary in facing failure, when the fortune that seemed almost in our fingers slips away because of the envy, malice or treachery of someone else. We bow under the weight of a sorrow that makes all life grow dark and the star of hope fade from our vision, or we meet some unnecessary misfortune with a dumb helpless despair. "It is all wrong," we say, "it is cruel, it is unjust. Why is it permitted?" And, in the very intensity of our feeling, we halfunconsciously repeat the words over and over again, in monotonous iteration, as if in some way the very repetition might bring relief, might somehow soothe us. Yet, in most instances, it could be prevented. No suffering is caused in the world by right. Whatever sorrow there is that is preventable, comes from inharmony or wrong of some kind.

In the divine economy of the universe most of the evil, pain and suffering are unnecessary, even when overruled for good, and perhaps, if our knowledge were perhaps, it would be seen that none is necessary, that all is preventable. The fault is mine, or yours, or the fault of the world. It is always individual. The world itself is but

the cohesive united force of the thoughts, words and deeds of millions who have lived or who are living, like you and me. By individuals has the great wrong that causes our preventable sorrow been built up, by individuals must it be weakened and transformed to right. And in this, too, it is to a great degree our fault; we care so little about rousing public sentiment, of lashing it into activity unless it concerns us individually.

The old Greek fable of Atlas, the African king, who supported the world on his shoulders, has a modern application. The individual is the Atlas upon whom the fate of the world rests today. Let each individual do his best,—and the result is foreordained; it is but a matter of the unconquerable massing of the units. Let each individual bear his part as faithfully as though all the responsibility rested on him, yet as calmly, as gently and as unworried as though all the responsibility rested on others.

MOST accidents are preventable -as at Balaclava, "someone has blundered." One of the great disasters of the nineteenth century was the Johnstown flood, where the bursting of a dam caused the loss of more than six thousand lives. The flood was not a mere accident, it was a crime. A leaking dam, for more than a year known to be unsafe, known to be unable to withstand any increased pressure, stood at the head of the valley. Below it lay a chain of villages containing over forty-five thousand persons in the direct line of the flood. When the heavy rains came the weakened dam gave way. Had there been one individual, one member of the South Fork Fishing Club brave enough to have done merely his duty, one member with the courage to so move his fellows and to stir up public action to make the barrier safe, over six thousand murders could have been prevented.

When a tired engineer, sleepy from overwork, can no longer cheat nature of her needed rest, and, drowsing for a moment in his cab, fails to see the red signal light of danger, or to heed the exploding of the warning torpedo, the wreck that follows is not chargeable to the Almighty. It is but an awful memorial of a railroad corporation's struggle to save two dollars. One ounce of prevention is worth six pounds of coroner's inquest. It is a crime to balance the safety and sacredness of human life in the scales with the petty saving that comes from transforming a man into a mechanism and forgetting he has either a soul or a body. True, just and wise labor laws are part of society's weapon for fighting the preventable.

When a terrible fire makes a city desolate and a nation mourn, the investigation that follows usually shows that a little human foresight could have prevented it, or at least, lessened the horror of it all. If chemicals or dynamite are stored in any building in excess of what wise legislation declares is safe, someone has been cruelly careless. Perhaps it is some inspector who has been disloyal to his trust, by permitting bribes to chloroform his sense of duty. If the lack of fire-escapes adds its quota to the list of death, or if the avarice of the owner has made his building a fire-trap, public feeling becomes intense, the newspapers are justly loud in their protests, and in demands that the guilty ones be punished. "If the laws already on the statute books do not cover the situation," hear from day to day, "new laws will be framed to make a repetition of the tragedy impossible;" we are promised all kinds of reforms; the air seems filled with a spirit of regeneration; the mercury of public indignation rises to the point where "fever-heat" seems a mild, inadequate term.

Then, as the horror begins to fade in the perspective of the past, men go quietly back to their own personal cares and duties, and the mighty wave of righteous protest

that threatened so much, dies in gentle lapping on the shore. What has been all men's concern seems soon to concern no one. The tremendous energy of the authorities

The Frontispiece

By HARRISON R. MERRILL

CORNELIUS SALISBURY, author of this month's frontispiece, was born in Richfield, Utah, of pioneer parents, and by close association with nature grew too love his native state more than any other place on earth. His parents went through the tigors and hardships incidental to pioneer life, and told him many stories and experiences of the sturdy settlers of the southern Utah towns. This gave him a true appreciation of his own people. Speaking of his interests the artist said: "Ilove the effect of sunlight on the soft-

"I love the effect of sunlight on the softcolored, gray sagebrush, and would much tather paint a desert scene than a spectacular mountain subject. I am usually satisfied and think my pictures have the elements of success if people say that they

look like our Utah country,
"I always try to catch the mood and
spirit of the day or place in my pictures,
and try to make it clear and plain so one'
reaction is spontaneous without further
explanation. I sometimes use water colors,
but oils are my favorite medium.

"The true purpose of art is to use, with thoughtful composition and arrangement, the material in nature for creation. Therefore, many non-essentials will be eliminated and others introduced to suit the artist's purpose. In my work I try neither to over work nor under paint, but get just enough to produce the desired message."

Speaking of this month's frontispiece

Mr. Salisbury said:

When I was a lad of ten, I spent two
years in southern Arizona and saw much
of Mexican peon life. It was the impressionable years of my life and I was greatly
interested in the peculiar customs and habits
of that languid but emotional people. All
seemed so interesting, strange, and foreign
to me. Art had not then been a part of
my school training, but I had yearnings in
that direction and secretly hoped to be
able to return some day with the skill and
ability to record with paint on canvas my
impressions of the Mexican laboring man
'Last summer, I had the thrill of finding

"Last summer. I had the thrill of finding

transplanted to Carbon County. Utah. a bit of primitive Mexican life, just as I have many times dreamed of inding it on my return to Arizona. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I saw the humble peon and his family, unspoiled by American costumes, dwellings, furniture, and especially the fast-moving automobile, which seems entirely foreign to his slow thinking and moving habits. The quiet-moving but loud-bruging butro seems to be his natural mode of travel and transportation.

"The curious brown-eyed children came often to watch he progress of the picture, and were delighted and amused to see how just a few daubs of bright colored paint would suggest the peppers, corn, saddles, etc. When the elders came to see the finished picture, I could tell by their expressions that they admired it immenselu."

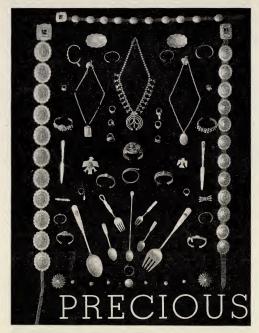
seems like the gesture of a drunken man, that starts from his shoulder with a force that would almost fell an ox but when it reaches the hand it has expended itself, and the hand drops listlessly in the air with hardly power enough to disturb the serenity of a butterfly. There is always a little progress, a slight advance, and it is only the constant accumulation of these steps that is giving to the world greater dominion over the preventable.

ONSTANT vigilance is the price of the conquest of the preventable. We have no right to admit any wrong or evil in the world as necessary, until we have exhausted every precaution that human wisdom can suggest to prevent it. When a man with a pistol in his right hand, clumsily covered with a suspicious-looking handkerchief, moved along in a line of people, and presented his left hand to President McKinley, pressed his weapon to the breast of the Chief Executive of the American people, some one of the secret service men, paid by the nation to guard their ruler, should have watched so zealously that the tragedy would have been impossible. Two Presidents had already been sacrificed, but twenty years of immunity had brought a dreamy sense of security that lessened the vigilance. We should emulate the example of the insurance companies who decline certain risks that are "extra hazardous.

Poverty has no necessary place in life. It is a disease that results from the weakness, sin and selfishness of humanity. Nature is boundless in her generosity; the world produces sufficient to give food, clothing, and comfort to every individual. Poverty is preventable. Poverty may result from the shiftlessness, idleness, intemperance, improvidence, lack of purpose or evildoing of the individual himself.

If the causes do not exist in the individual, they may be found in the second class, in the wrong-doing of those around him, in the oppression of labor by capital, in the grinding process by which corporations seek to crush the individual. The individual may be the victim of any of a thousand phases of the wrong of others. The poverty caused by the third class, the weakness and injustice of human laws and human institutions. is

(Continued on page 165),



SILVER ORNAMENTS AND UTENSILS OF NATIVE INDIAN WORKMANSHIP, NAVAJO RESERVATION





STONES AMONG THE

INDIANS

OLD — silver — jewels!
What romantic visions of adventure, of wealth and influence these words conjure up; what hopes they raise, and what memories they recall!

From the beginning of the race, men have hammered and chiseled and carved away at the breast of Mother Nature, devising ornaments for their women. And the Red Man, no less than his white brother, likes pretty things.

It is an interesting coincidence that the American Indian, whom we refer to as "copper colored," should choose for one of his most precious gems, a stone colored by copper a beautiful bluish-green—the turquoise. Perhaps it is the abundance of this precious stone

that has made it so popular through the ages and which still holds it high in public favor today; for the stone is abundant, as precious stones go. Walk into any Indian curio shop today, and you will find turquoise displayed right and left, in every shape of stone, in every combination from the pure turquoise to almost pure turquoise matrix.

Rings, pendants, bracelets—or what do you want? They are all there, from the tiny ring for baby, with a dot of bluish-green for a set, to massive coin-silver bracelets studded with perhaps a dozen large stones. Ear drops? Certainly. As large or as small as you desire, mostly formed of the dusky silver and with pure turquoise sets.

Do you favor Navajo workman-

ship? It is there. Or, you may like the Zuni style better. Whatever you like best will be on display, for the modern Indian has become a business man, and his wares have a high appeal to the white man's purse as well as to the white woman's fancy.

Green stones seem to be symbolical not only of the earth in its spring finery, but also of life itself. The Aztecs favored green as their royal color, and even today, their descendants, the modern Mexicans, have incorporated this welding link with Mother Earth into their national flag. In ancient Mexico a person born to the ruling class might be said to have been "born to the green," instead of "to the purple," as were European royal heirs.

The turquoise is as geographically a truly American gem as it is in color. Aztec chiefs sent by Montezuma to persuade Cortes to refrain from marching on the capital city of the Mexican empire, "displayed collars and bracelets of turquoise mosaic" on their necks and arms, "while their ears, under lips, and occasionally their noses, were garnished with pendants formed of precious stones."

Presents sent from the Inca emperor of Peru to Pizarro included turquoises, many of which were displayed to the Spaniards. Turquoise today is found abundantly in New Mexico and other parts of southwestern United States. Influenced by copper in its coloring, this stone also owes its somewhat fading quality to the same mineral, much of which is found on the American Continent. Copper is mentioned, indeed, as the metal originally used by the native American races for rings, bracelets and ornaments of various kinds in which precious stones were set. From this the cliff dwellers of the southwest, supposed to be the original North American metal smiths.

Weston N. Nordgren

When St. John presented the Holy City, he pictured it as one huge jewel made up of many precious stones of colossal size set in pure gold. Jewels have always appealed to all peoples. While jewels might have differed greatly, they have always been known as "precious things" - personal adornments which enhanced the beauty of the loved being-woman, man, or god. The Indians had their jewels —hundreds of them, for they were living in a land blessed with "precious things." Mr. Nordgren tells you of some of these stones of value.

progressed to gold and silver crafts-manship.

ANCIENT ruins also have yielded up quantities of precious stones. "The Aztecs made elaborately carved drums—sometimes inlaid with gold and turquoise—and carved spear-throwers overlaid with gold foil. They possessed gold and bronze bells, and jewelry of all sorts, made of the precious metals, turquoise, jade (known as chalchi-huiti), obsidian, red jasper, opals, amethysts, pearls, emeralds, mother-of-pearl. They had masks of turquoise, rock-crystal, jade and black obsidian * * *.

"From the Zapotec and Mixtec area many gold adornments have been taken out of the cruciform Zapotec tombs; numbers of good examples of linked pendants and jewelry of various sorts, with faces, full-sized figures and other designs have been obtained in the Tehunantepec region." (Carleton Beals, in "Treasure Trove of Lost Mexican Races," published in The New York Times magazine, Feb. 7, 1932.)

Travelers in the Navajo regions will find hardy Indian workmen, with little material, few tools, but a good working knowledge of their craft, shaping coin silver jewelry for the tourist. Most rings are fashioned from Mexican coin-silver, because it is much cheaper than the United States metal of similar composition, and the sets are chiefly

of New Mexican turquoise. Some Persian turquoise is occasionally used, as also are rock crystals, shells, and other hard stones.

"The proficiency of the Navajo and Pueblo Indians of New Mexico as silversmiths is shown by the fact that there are from fifty to seventy-five Indians regularly occupied in this way at present, while several hundred others are more or less familiar with the art, and work occasionally. * * * From four to five thousand rings are made annually in New Mexico and Arizona," besides numerous bracelets and other articles of turqoise jewelry.

Among both Pueblo and Navajo women, the wearing of many rings is considered an indication of aristocratic birth. A daughter of Chee Dodge, Navajo chief, was recently photographed with several rings on her fingers, and both arms loaded with turquoise and silver bracelets.

The emerald also plays an important part as an American Indian jewel. As mentioned previously, the Aztecs procured it in their mines and sold it in the market at the City of Mexico long before the conquering Spaniards arrived. Chroniclers with Cortes noted that "Montezuma wore the girdle and ample square cloak, tilmatli, of his nation. It was made of the finest cotton, with the embroidered ends (Continued on page 186)

*Dr. George F. Kunz, "Rings For the Finger," pages 22-23.

"TRAVELERS IN THE NAVAJO REGIONS WILL FIND HARDY INDIAN WORKMEN, * * * SHAPING COIN SILVER JEWELRY * * *."



THE TORCH

The passing of this last of the line of Snake Chiefs was more than merely the death of another Indian. Chief Harry Shu-pela was a leader of importance.

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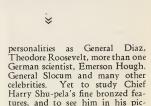
IN the unique Indian village of Walpi, in northern Arizona, sorrow reigned supreme, when the great leader, Chief Harry Shupela died. With his passing, not only did the Hopi Indian tribe lose a splendid leader who guarded faithfully the secret rituals of his valiant people, but sculptors and artists have lost one of their finest models. The West, too, has been deprived of its most outstanding example of a good Indian citizen. Indeed, the chief was a guiding torch for his village of Walpi, which mourns sincerely for him.

To appreciate the full force of what Chief Harry's passing means, one must understand some of the extraordinary customs of the Hopi tribe. Long celebrated for its annual snake dance, this copper skinned race has, since ancient times, vested in each trusted chief, the secret of certain devout religious ceremonials which are handed down from leader to leader. But the honored title of Snake Chief is a hereditary position, on the mother's side of the house, and Chief Harry has no surviving brother. For a quarter of a century, the deceased Snake Chief had guarded closely the mystic rites which mark the annual Hopi dance.

Though this dance has gained nationwide prominence within the past few years, almost nothing is known of the secret rites, except that they are handed down only within some certain tribal clans, and now there is no one from this particular clan to take Shu-pela's place as guiding light. Now, to the mind of every westerner comes the query: Will the new leader, not of the chosen clan, be so versed

in the Snake Chief's duties that he can direct the annual dance? Or did Harry Shu-pela carry to his grave the information without which the far-famed Snake dance can hardly take place? Since much of the Indian lawmaking takes place in the "kiva," a sort of underground lodge room, and no whites are permitted in this room, many of the Snake Chief's secrets can never become known.

Then too, there comes to the minds of many Arizona people, the admirable example this Hopi leader, with all his duties, unfailingly set for his race. Chief Shu-pela wanted his tribal brethren to get a practical education—so he learned to speak English. He wanted a more thorough understanding between the whites and the Hopis-so he cultivated acquaintances among our race. The chief numbered among his friends, famous Spanish, German and American leaders. Not only was he admired and liked by many well-known artists, writers and sculptors, but he numbered among his friends such prominent



turesque tribal dress, was to know

how loyally he held to his own In-

dian customs. Perhaps that is why

he made such an excellent model

for sculptors and artists.

WALPI

By

IEAN McCALEB

IN early times, when the Spanish "'conquistadores" (conquerors)
made war on the Hopi tribe, the harassed Indians fled, for protection, to a mesa, about two miles higher than the surrounding countryside, and thus the Spanish pursuer was eluded. Now, in order to cultivate his crops (the inhabitants of this lofty village of Walpi are extremely skilful farmers) the Hopi must spend a great amount of time getting to and from his fields. Even procuring water for use in the pueblo home is a back-breaking job. But do these sturdy mesa dwellers complain and neglect their jobs? They do not. Perhaps it is that same unconquerable spirit which early invaders could not break down; perhaps it is because the Hopi race has obeyed implicitly the voice of Chief Shu-pela and other leaders, who felt it would not be wise for the Walpi villagers to move down from such a dwelling place, even though it would mean being nearer the fields they till so well, and the water supply which they have learned to conserve so carefully.

Perhaps the most common criticism one hears made about the Indian is that he is unfriendly and

(Continued on page 165)



GIVE YOUR EYES A CHANCE

From the Medical Statt and Health Service, Brigham Young University

DON'T want anything done this morning, Doctor," began a middle-aged woman, as she entered an oculist's workroom. "My eyes are so much better, and I just wanted to show you how well I can see."

Out from the physician's file came her case record, and her vision was duly measured. The doctor

looked perplexed.

"What has happened to your eyes, Mrs. Jones? Your vision is much worse than when I last saw you. Did you treat them as I directed?"

"Why, you must be mistaken, tastisfied with what you told me to do, and I went to Dr. Blank, who treated my eyes with the sunlight. I know they must be better. Why he said they were!"

Dr. Blank's treatment had consisted of having Mrs. Jones look directly at the sun for a given period every day or two. Application of such intense light upon the retina brings about destruction of nerve elements in the central spot of vision, or the macula, and results in what has been called eclipse blindness. This name comes from the fact that persons develop it through looking at the sun's eclipse without using a heavily smoked glass, or similar protection. The loss of vision is usually permanent;

and, while it does not cause anything like total blindness, it does cloud the center of the field, which cripples an individual for seeing fine things like the eye of a needle, fine print, etc.

ANOTHER extremely important thing in hygiene of the seeing apparatus has to do with crossed eyes. Nature has arranged that, in most ordinary movements, the axis or direction of each eyeball shall be parallel with the other. The one exception to this occurs when we look at close objects. Then the eyes are turned somewhat inward, so that the image of the object may place directly into each macula. Should impressions fail to be received upon identically corresponding areas of the two retinas, we see two objects instead of one.

Keeping the two eyes parallel is accomplished through the action of six muscles attached to the outside of each eyeball, and working in pairs. Should anything go wrong with one or more of these muscles, the eyes lose their normal co-ordination, and the mechanism of vision is upset.

While marked discomfort is felt at first, when double vision occurs, a gradual adjustment takes place in the brain so that the image from one eye comes to be ignored or suppressed. When a nerve of vision

or hearing ceases to function, it rapidly loses the power to do so. Hence, an eye which becomes crossed and is not being used soon degenerates into a blind eye—a condition known as blindness from disuse

Loss of vision in a crossed eye occurs more rapidly in children than it does in older persons. Crossed eyes are present among little tots with much greater frequency. Babies seem to have relatively little discomfort from the double vision, which is so disturbing to a grownup.

When an eye becomes totally blind from an injury or some such cause, it tends to turn outward. It is unlikely that any vision remains in an eye which has behaved in this fashion. However, the resulting distortion is unsightly and embarrassing, and should be remedied for aesthetic reasons. Through operation upon appropriate muscles, this may readily be accomplished.

The eye that turns inward is a different problem. It usually begins to do so during infancy or early childhood, and results from intense straining to see. These little ones are born with such a high degree of far-sightedness that they must exert for distant seeing as much or more effort as the rest of us do for objects within a few

(Continued on page 166)

Photography in the

CHARLES J. BELDEN AS HE LOOKS TODAY Saddle

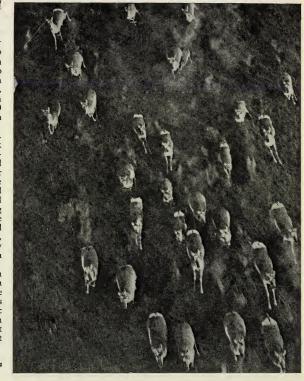
THIS is the story of a Wyoming postmaster-rancher who got 10,000 fan letters from lonely "gals" back east, who started taking pictures in Berlin in 1909 and hasn't stopped since, whose principal business in his own words is "tryin' to run some 4,000 cattle and a sheep company with some 25,000 ewes."

Belden is the name—Charles J. Belden, owner of the Pitchfork ranch (200,000 acres), photographer supreme of Wyoming and as good a cowman "as wot ever straddled a hoss." He lives in the Big Horn basin in Wyoming and from his saddle has taken colorful western scenes which today bring him letters from every state in the Union, many foreign countries and women by the thousand, love-sick, lonely women who see in Charley Belden hopes for a life of freedom out west.

Delden hopes for a life of freedom out west.

Oh, it's a great business this man Belden operates here in the seclusion of Wyoming's most beautiful range of mountains. The ranch was founded in 1879 by Count Franc von Liechtenstein, better known out west as Otto Franc. Today it ranks as one of the last of the great

ANTELOPE IN FLIGHT
This unusual picture was made from a plane flying
low over their backs



Paul G. Friggens

The name of Charles Belden and Pitchfork, Wyoming, are known wherever excellent photographs are printed. This Wyoming rancher has "shot" some of the finest ranch scenes ever taken. He knows his pictures.



old cattle ranches of the "yester-days." Here Belden, head of a virile force of hard riding, hard hitting but "straight shootin" men operates a cow outfit running thousands of head and in addition controls a sheep company running similar thousands.

This, according to Belden, is the principal business, and it certainly is. But one look at Charley's studio or his fan mail might provoke another guess. For in the years that he has spent here on this western ranch, Belden, for many years a camera enthusiast, has earned a world-wide reputation for range photography. The pictures taken by Belden of western scenes, wild game and cowboy life, have been published in roto sections from New York to San Francisco, from Paris to Brazil and back again. A whole page was devoted recently to his work in the London Graphic. The London Times earlier featured his work. He has had pictures published in French, English, Canadian, Austrian, Spanish, Russian, Czechoslovakian and German newspapers and magazines.

In fact Belden's odd career as a photographer started back in Germany about 1909. He was touring Europe then with a small party and he and a friend bought an auto in Paris to drive to Moscow. In Berlin the camera was purchased that is today to lay claims for a long distance record, having traveled with Belden more than 60,000



WATERING TIME A Belden picture of a Pitchfork Ranch Scene

miles in the saddle and on transcontinental trips.

IN the last 17 years Belden has taken between 4,000 and 5,000 negatives of western life. Many of his best range scenes have been taken on his Pitchfork ranch while the ranch cowboys were going about their day's work. There is hardly a phase of western ranch life this man has not captured with his camera, always carried on the saddle.

Belden's most widely known "shot" and the one which brought the world first to his door, is the "Call of the Range," a master study of the head and shoulders of a Hereford bull outlined against a steep declivity of a western mountain as he sends out his challenge ringing through clear, pure air. Thousands of copies have been made of this picture alone and have been sent all over the world.

The "best seller" of his recent pictures is the scene of a band of running antelope taken from an airplane.

"I got more kick out of that picture than any I have taken in a long time," Belden said.

But Charley gets a lot of "kick" too, out of the 1,000 a year or so fan letters he gets from "gals" back east, although he has never answered a one of them. Most of the girls just ask Belden to correspond with them, just asking for a "pen

"THE CALL OF THE RANGE"

pal" as they call it. Many of them are chorus girls, department store salesgirls, stenographers. They are without exception from the big cities. They often deplore the "lounge lizards" of their environment and express a strong urge to know a man of the "big out-of-doors."

"Won't you write me," they implore Belden. "If you are married just pass this along to some attractive cowboy who isn't. I want a cowboy pen pal."

AND that's precisely what Belden does. Personally he has not answered a single letter. Most of them he passes on to his men who in turn correspond if they (Continued on page 189)



The Hawaiian HULA-HULA

By FRED L. GODDARD

Author's Note: The author is indebted to Lorin Tarr Gill of Honolulu for his information on the Hawaiian Hula-Hula dance.

THE real hula is a living song —registering the Hawaiian's most sacred emotions of feeling, sentiment and passion. It is strictly of religious origin and interpretive of the legends, the history and the persons of old Hawaii. It has always been a part of the life of the Hawaiian, who found in it one of his chief means of entertainment.

But the hula as it was originally danced did not please the whalers who touched at Honolulu. The first whaling ship came to Hawaii in the year 1820-the same year of the landing of the first Christian missionaries from New England; and the whalers in this vessel probably took a hand at editing the hula to make it conform more closely to their idea as to how it should be danced. What they saw when they landed was a gentle zephyr. What they wanted was a hurricane, so they promptly got busy and fanned the zephyr, so to speak, until it assumed the proportions of a gale which gradually mounted in violence to that of a hurricane.

And since that time the original hula has wandered so far, and fallen so low that, according to one exponent of Hawaiian literature, "foreign and critical esteem has come to associate it with the riotous and passionate ebullitions of Polynesian kings and the amorous posturings of their voluptuaries."

The Hawaiian hula as known



to the world at large today, is a spectacle of which the people who make their homes in the Islands cannot in any way be proud. The familiar picture of the lei-bedecked, dusky-skinned beauty, clad in her wreath and anklets of flowers, her bracelets of green, and the inevitable grass skirt, accompanied by the movements of the dance, with its sinuous twistings, squirmings and wrigglings, expresses all that the hula means to those citizens of the earth who have never visited the land of Hawaii, as well as to many others who, as tourists, have done so.

SPEAKING of hula skirts, it might be said that there are two kinds sold to tourists for souvenirs. The difference is in the fabric material, grass, natural "shredded-wheat," or what-you-may-call-it. It is possible, of course, to dance in either kind. That is—if you can dance the hula, it is possible to dance the hula in either kind. But, while it is possible, it is not comfortable to sit down except in one kind. The uncomfortable kind is

quite properly the cheaper kind. For the hula dance, the stiffer and cheaper hula skirt has an advantage—because it swishes louder.

The hula dance of today is certainly not the dignified dance of the ancient Hawaiians. Still, it is not as the old whalers desired it, nor, for that matter, is it as the early missionaries would have decreed.

It is a far cry from the sing-song of the Solomon Islands and the cannibal of the New Hebrides, through the mecki-mecki of Suva, the sivasiva of Samoa, the loka-loka of Tonga, and the haka-haka of the New Zealand Maoris, to the hulabula of Hawaii.

And yet the original hula-hula was as modest and attractive as any of the Polynesian dances which it resembles.

The genuine old-time hula was not sullied with coarseness, as are the motions and contortions of the performance so often exhibited today. Rather, it portrayed the joys, the sorrows and the passions of a people of a youth later than ours.

(Continued on page 167)

The Indian Farmer Succeeds



By P. D. Southworth

This Indian farmer knew how to farm and, incidentally, how to be of service to some of his less fortunate white brethren.



TOO many people are prone to look upon the American Indian as a race, rather than as a group of individuals each with his own particular faults and virtues. All Indians, to this superficial viewpoint, are dependent upon the Government and contribute little or nothing towards their support.

It is rather surprising then, when we find an Indian who is not only THE MACK PEMMA FAMILY

fully self-supporting, but a contributor to the sustenance of less fortunate white people. This is the case with Mack Pemma, a full-blood Pottawatomi living near Soperton, Forest County, Wisconsin

In 1914 the Government made a treaty with the Wisconsin Potta-

LEFT: THE GARDEN OF THE PEMMA FAMILY. RIGHT: MACK PEMMA LIVESTOCK.

watomi Indians, whereby each was given in trust a tract of land, a house, barn, horses and farming machinery. Some Indians took advantage of this opportunity and established themselves in the farming industry. Many have succeeded. Others less industrious and inexperienced, have failed. Mack Pemma and his family are representative of those who have worked and reaped.

(Continued on page 190)





Preserving Ute and Piute Indian Customs



Photo Wilcox Studio

ISS CAROLINE PARRY, a daughter of some of the earliest of Utah Pioneers, has been chosen as one of the ten Utah artists to work on the Public Work Art Project for the state. Her special assignment is to make studies of the Ute and Piute Indians whose headquarters are at Cedar City. Miss Parry has been connected with the Lion House Social Center where she has been teaching pottery work.

A granddaughter of Isaac C. and Eliza Ann Haight, who came to Utah with the first company which followed Brigham Young, Miss Parry has all of the pioneer lore in her family necessary to give her a sympathy for and an interest in the Indians. Born in Cedar City and educated there, Miss Parry early became acquainted with the Indians and with their customs, including their art of pottery making.

Her father and his parents were converted to the Gospel in Wales and came to Utah in the handcart company in 1856 under Captain Bunker. Her father's people were stone-dressers and builders and the family name is linked with some of the finest architectural expressions in England and

Miss Parry says her desire to do art work came to her while she was watching her father carve the letters in the sandstone tomb of his parents when she was a mere

Miss Parry has studied art at the University of Utah, the University of California, at Columbia versity of California, at Columbia University, at the Art Students' League, New York, and at the American School of Sculpture, under Mahonri Young, and at the Woman's Art School of Cooper Union under George T. Brewster. Always somewhat interested in

MISS CAROLINE PARRY, ARTIST

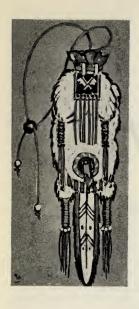
building materials, Miss Parry found interest in Utah clays and finally in the building of pottery.

"I build pottery by the coil method," says she, "as do the Indians. I use a templet while the Indians use the shell of a gourd or a thin rock.

For a number of years Miss Parry taught school in various places including one year at the school for the Deaf and the Blind, in Ogden, and one year in Washakie, an Indian village in Box Elder County, where she became well acquainted with the Indians of that section.

All of these experiences have well fitted the lady, it would seem, for the work the government has in mind for her to do. She is now in Cedar City where she has already found the types which she wishes to depict. All of her work under this assignment will belong to the government and may be used in any way the government may desire to use it. Some of it may be ordered made up in larger sizes as monuments or it may be kept as reference material for future artists who may desire to depict genuine Indian customs and life.

The assignment is of great importance to the future art of America. It is fortunate that in this case the lady selected is so well prepared by background, stock, natural environment and education to do the work assigned to her. She, however, has retained her connection with the Lion House Social Center and is at present on a leave of absence.—H. R. M.



The Indian's MEDICINE BAG

By JEAN FONNESBECK

Have you a "Medicine Bag?" Have you a something that has no value to anybody else but which is priceless beyond the purchasing power of wealth? If you have not, perhaps you, too, should go into a secret place until you grow a purposéful soul. We wonder if the "Medicine Bag" is the physical symbol to an Indian of what a philosophy of life—say the Gospel—is to us—a something upon which we may rely in times of trouble.

In his preface to the 1892 edition of The Oregon Trail, Francis Parkman wrote: "The Wild West is tamed, and its savage charms have withered." Four decades have passed since then. There are comparatively few people now living who can remember when fifty acre stretches of prairie were black with buffalo, and fewer still who know anything of the devotion to his medicine of the Indian in his native state.

Contrary to the white man's idea of a century ago, that the only good Indian is a dead Indian, the Indian who obeyed implicitly his medicine, of which his medicine bag was a symbol, regarded himself, and was regarded by his tribe as being, according to the highest standard they knew, a truly good Indian.

The medicine bag was really a mystery bag; to understand its significance and potency was to possess a key to the life and character of the American Indian, because to his medicine bag the Indian looked for safety and protection throughout his life; it was the token to his tribe of his place in their esteem; and upon his death it became the talisman that secured his entrance to the Happy Hunting Grounds.

The medicine bag, of many shapes and widely varying proportions, was made from the skin of an eagle, hawk, mouse, mole, weasel, muskrat, beaver, otter, coyote, frog, lizard, snake, or other living creature, and was designed and decorated in accordance with the individual ideas and artistic taste of its owner. The dauntless wore their medicine bags in open display attached to their belts; he who did not wish to make blatant boasts of his bravery, had a tiny medicine bag that could be craftily concealed from his enemy, under his clothing.

WHEN an Indian youth felt dawning within him 'the fair seedtime of his soul,' he wandered far from his tribe for the purpose of forming his medicine. On

The Author

AM Mrs. Leon Fonnesbeck—Jean
Broun—before my marriage
eighteen years ago. Once an English
teacher, and with a Bachelor's and
a Master's degree in English from
the University of Chicago, now I
am listed by the census-taker as a
homemaker by profession—and
making a home and mothering a
family is of course the best and
biggest job there is.

mountain height, by quiet lake or rushing stream he fasted, and in solitude made his appeal to the Great Spirit. When, for want of food, his strength failed him, and he fell asleep and dreamed dreams, that bird, beast, or reptile which, on waking, he remembered most vividly, was regarded by him as having been appointed by the Great Spirit to be henceforward his protector, his medicine. The youth now set forth to capture the creature of which he had dreamed; skinned it, and from the skin, curiously and ingeniously, fashioned his medicine bag, which bag became symbolic of the magic power known as the Indian's medicine. Hereafter, so long as he lived, he must keep this bag. If he lost it, or it was wrested from him by an enemy, he was held in derision and disrepute by his tribe-a man without medicine-as pitiable as a man without a country, until he had reinstated himself in their estimation by slaying an enemy, and making the enemy's medicine bag his own. This was known as "medicine honorable."

An Indian never would sell his medicine bag even though an extravagant price might be offered for it; to part with it for gain was (Continued on page 192)

he Beloved

inderella

By

MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

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PART TEN

▲T was snowing stead-Star, coming back to consciousness after a long interval, could see the swirl of the snow driven against the window-panes opposite. It was the first thing she saw, the big soft flakes caught on the pane, hanging there, freezing.

She was in her beautiful room and she stared blankly at it; then suddenly she remembered. A thrill of dismay ran through her. She turned her head weakly, for the first time aware that she was not alone. Etta was standing near the bed, looking down at her. A painful flush went up over Star's white face; she drew the coverlet up to her chin.

"How did I get here?" she asked

Etta drew a breath of relief. "Goodness, I thought you were still unconscious," she exclaimed, 'and you were really asleep! How did you get here? Uncle carried you up here and the maids put you to bed; it took two of them to do We had a doctor, too. He gave you something; I supposed you knew. You revived and dozed off. You look all right now—are you?"

Star sat up in bed. She was shaking all over, but she tried not to show it. "I'm—I'm all right! Etta, do—'' her voice trailed—''do you know?''

There was a little silence. "Y'cs."

STARGRASS, the lovely girl grown from the deserted baby the Binneys had found, was not theirs any more-she was the daughter of rich Mr. Blanchard. Pap Binney, broken-hearted, felt that something was wrong; Mrs. Binney, weeping, comforted him by telling him that Star would he happy there in the big house-would have everything a girl's heart could desire.

Up at the big house everything seemed strange to Star-cold and unfriendlyand Etta, niece of Blanchard, was frankly hostile. Even the friendship of John Nelson, Blanchard's secretary, could not counterbalance the sinister familiarity of James

Ma Binney, hungry for a sight of Star. is caught in the shrubbery by Blanchard and Nelson. Blanchard immediately takes Star to Paris. He tells her finally that he did so to remove her from the vicinity of Pap and Mother Binney. He refuses to allow her to return to visit the Binneys before leaving New York.

Star studies at a convent-school in Paris and makes great improvement. Blanchard brings her back to New York and gives a party in her honor. John Nelson is promised the first dance, but does not appear and Carr claims it but is refused as Star dances with another partner. Carr later makes love to Star and kisses her. She is furious. Carr hints that if she will accept his suit he will not expose her. Star does not understand. She attempts to leave when Nelson appears and a quarrel between him and Carr ensues.

The next morning Star goes over in her mind the events of the evening. She is especially puzzled by Carr's statement: "We'll call it a deal, I'll never open my mouth. You can go on forever as you are —if you'll marry me." She wondered what he could mean, but soon found out when she was summoned to the library where Carr and Blanchard sat. There she was told that, after all, she was not Blanchard's daughter; that Pap and Ma Binney had conspired to obtain money from Blanchard by telling him that Star was his daughter. A convict in the state prison had confessed, admitting that he and Pharcellus were together when the Blanchard girl was stolen and that she died. Star accuses Carr of plotting against her. She is sorely stricken by the accusations against her and the Binneys and finally falls in a dead faint in the library where she had been talking with Blanchard and Carr. Now go on with the story.

Etta's voice was not hard, it was rather gentle.

Star lifted her gray eyes appealingly to hers.

'Is it-really true?"

"I'm afraid so," Etta spoke re-luctantly. "I'm sorry for you, Star!"

"Star." not Mary Agnes now! Star noticed the change; she flushed a deeper red.

"Etta, you don't think I knew, do you?

Etta was silent for a moment. In the interval the wind shook the windows until they rattled.

Goodness, what a storm!" she cried nervously, and then, to Star: 'No, honestly, I don't believe you did! Of course that Binney woman - she's awfully funny. anyway. I saw her-of course she did it to get the money.

'Never!" cried Star. 'She refused the reward, you know it! She—" the girl's eyes filled with tears—"they're the only ones who love me," she cried, "and I've—I've behaved as if I'd forgotten them!'

ETTA BLANCH-ARD, secure now in her inheritance, released suddenly from a rival in Star, was sorry for her.

"I wouldn't fret; if you didn't know it, it's not your fault. You'd better go to sleep again now," she added kindly; "it's too bad a day to go out. Anyway, uncle will want to get it all straightened out; you were acknowledged, you know. Oh, you needn't worry," she protested hastily, "uncle told me he shouldn't do a thing about it to the Binneys. He'll just let it drop; he abhors a scandal.

"He-believes I did it on purpose!" Star gasped.



"SHE AIN'T HERE." HE SAID GRAVELY, "ONLY ONE WOMAN ON TH' TRAIN NOW, SHE'S MIDDLE-AGED AN' SHE'S GOT A KID WITH HER. THE YOUNG LADY GOT OFF AN HOUR AGO—STARTED WALKIN'."

Etta, on her way to the door, looked embarrassed. "I'm afraid so." Then she came back a little way, her dark eyes searching Star. "Did Carr ask you to marry him—yesterday, I mean—before he told uncle last night?"

Star, who had almost forgotten it, nodded. "Yes, he did—and I said 'no!"

Etta laughed bitterly. "If you'd said 'yes' he would never have told. Oh, I know! I've found him out. I shall tell uncle, he shan't get away with that! He meant to get the money through you—because you were so beautiful—and say nothing!" she cried, and went out. flushed with anger.

Star saw it. In a flash she saw that it was not all pity that had brought Etta there; Etta wanted to know the truth about Carr, to pin him down to double-dealing. As for Star herself, she was nothing

to Etta Blanchard now but a girl who had played the part of an imposter. Star's cheeks burned with shame. She had been so much. the queen of the household, and now they were casting her off, like an old shoe! The maids had even forgotten to put away her last night's finery; it trailed to the floor. neglected. Because-because they thought she had come there like a thief after money. The shame of it was burned into her soul. They thought she had been foisted upon them to get-money. The girl lay there weakly, staring at the snow; she was shut in by it, walled in with people who thought she was playing a part. And she had called that big gray-haired hard man—father! She had tried to love him. In a measure she had succeeded in feeling that he was her father, but he was casting her off as a thief.

STAR left the bed and tried to stand. She felt horribly weak and broken. Was it the shock, or only because she had eaten nothing? It did not matter; she would have to get over it, for she must go home and find out how it all happened. They were not to blame-Pap and Mother Binney. Oh. never, never! It was some horrible mistake. That queer dark man. who had died in the house after the motor accident, must have done it all. She could not puzzle it out, but she was burning with shame. She must get away from these people who thought her a cheat and a thief. She began to dress with shaking hands: then suddenly she remembered that not even these rich clothes were rightfully-hers, they had been given to Mary Agnes Blanchard. She was a jay in peacock plumes. But she had no clothes of her own: her simple one-

piece cotton thing-where had it gone? She did not know. She had not even a cent of her own, only Blanchard's lavish gifts. She would have to borrow her railroad fare: the rest she would leave behind her. She would return the clothes. She thought of the wonderful pearls; they had been on her neck last night. They were usually kept in a silk-lined case in a little safe in her dressing-room. opened it to be sure that she had left them safe-it was empty! Blanchard knew the combination. If the pearls had been placed there at all last night, he had taken them away for fear she would steal them! Star stood still, staring at the empty safe, her white lips quivering. It seemed more terrible to her than anything else-this taking away of the jewels-as if she might take The full significance of it them. swept her with shame; again she hid her face in her hands. It was a long time before she could look up; she felt humiliated, disgraced. But, at last, she turned back to her room and finished dressing. She put on the simplest things she possessed and counted out the exact fare to Fishkill Point. Not a cent more would she take. Blanchard had given her a checkbook; she put it in the safe with two rings she had worn all night. One of her supposed mother's and one that Blanchard had given her. That was all she had to do except to telephone to Pap! How her heart warmed at the thought of the old man's face, his kind eyes peering at her over his spectacles!

PART XI

SIT down by th' stove, John, ain't any use tryin' to beat it into town this weather!" Pap Binney spoke with the kindness an old man feels for a young one whom he has grown to trust. "Kinder bad, ain't it?" he added, glancing toward the window. The snow was driving against it, freezing on to it in great flakes.

Nelson turned to follow Pap's eyes and saw the wind bending a big spruce by the barn.

"I believe you're right," he admitted reluctantly; "it's a bad day to start a journey.

"You stay here. Pap nodded. There's an extra room and Ma's gettin' you a bit of lunch now. It was kind of you to come down here—just to tell us about Star. Ma's all broke up about her presents. Seems as if she ain't forgot us-even in Paris, like we thought she had." he added wistfully.

'You say she's well, John?

bet she's pretty!"
"Beautiful!" said Nelson softly.

Pap looked around at him, but the young man's face was averted. Pap's short thick fingers drummed on the old ledger absently.

"We miss her," he said, swallowing hard; "can't help it. You see, she was a kinder cute little kid from th' first, little Stargrass. She grew up mighty like a flower-one of those pinky stars you find opening in th' woods in April, kinder sweet an' dewy. Of course-" Pap cleared his throat-"it's been great for her to be an heiress, but we've missed her powerfully. It's-it's broke Ma all up. You noticed it?"

Nelson nodded. "Mrs. Binney seems tired-not quite herself, I

should think."

'All broke up!" Pap swung around on his swivel-chair and leaned confidentially toward his visitor. "Talks in her sleep, eats nothing at all at times, ain't digestin' what she does eat. Had th' doctor off an' on all winter. Worst of it is she don't want you to talk about it, gets all riled up if you notice. Dr. Wilson says she's nervous, got nervous dyspepsia-or some such thing. I thought at first it was business-mine was fallin' off, but lately that dratted chainstore opposite bust up. There ain't trade enough in winter for 'em.



Photo by W. B. Hales. CATTAILS AT EVENING

Soon as they shut up I came in again-stronger than ever. Ain't so bad even now, in th' sellin' line, but Ma's just as bad. Notice how she bites in, ain't you? Well, since she's been gettin' so thin she ain't hardly able to keep her teeth in without bitin' in harder than ever. She's shrinkin' up, gums an' all. I wasn't sure what it was until one night—" Pap's voice dropped to a whisper; he leaned forward again—"she was talkin" in her sleep. I ain't one to listen in but I heard her-over an' over again: 'Star-little Stargrass-it ain't so!' She lets off a yelp, an' then she'd bust out cryin'. After that I knew. It was Star. She's all broke up since she's gone, an' then-" the old man hesitated, turned and moved the heavy books on his desk with absent fingers-'we kinder felt she'd forgotten us. But now-these presents," he smiled sunnily; "ain't it sweet of a little gal to remember two old folks -when she's got everything?

"I've been watching her all these months-she's not the kind to forget, I was sure of that!" Nelson said

in a low voice.

Pap stared out of the window

for a moment.

'Know whether there's any love affair yet?" he asked thoughtfully. "Anybody about—she's likely to fancy, John?"

Nelson rose abruptly and went to the window. He stood there with his hands in his pockets, staring out at the storm for a long moment before he answered.

"I fancy Mr. Blanchard wants her to marry James Carr; he's a rich young man, a lawyer and a confidential friend of Blanchard's.'

"What's he like?" Pap's voice was anxious

Nelson came back slowly to his seat. "I can't say; I don't like him: my opinion wouldn't be fair.

Pap thought awhile, rubbing his "You think Star likes him?" chin.

JOHN uttered an inarticulate sound, then he looked up. "Don't ask me," he said passion-ately. "I'm afraid she does!"
Pap was silent. The wind rat-

tled the windows and he looked around at them, giving the younger man a chance to control himself, then he slammed his old ledger

"Ain't much business today. I (Continued on page 173)





The Wind

By Edna J. Blaylock

THE wind was caught in the apple tree, It cried and sighed and moaned to me, It begged and whimpered to be set free.

I went outside, in my sympathy, And raised my ax to chop the tree, But the wind blew strong, quite suddenly.

It roars down my chimney and shouts for glee,

It sings such a mocking melody, I can't help knowing it's laughing at me. 40.600

Rainy Night Lullaby By Edith Cherrington

COFTLY and steadily all the night long The voice of the rain Sings to the Earth child a lullaby song Over again.

Rain fairies dance on the slow dripping eaves.

Crooning and humming, Tracing a prenatal pattern for leaves-Rain fingers strumming.

All through the March night the voice of the rain Continues to sing

Earth's ageless cradle song, bringing again The promise of spring.

Ecstasy

By Nona H. Brown

HAVE stood tall against the sky Upon a windy hill And in the singing eventide Felt all my pulses thrill.

And all its breathing beauty pressed Its image on my mind. The magic myst'ry of the night Was in the whisp'ring wind.

It seemed to waft my raiment and My earthly body far, Until my spirit stood so tall-Much higher than a star.

I sensed the perfume and the joy Rise from the waking sod, Until upon my singing heart I felt the breath of God!

-0.000 No What Would I Pray For?

By Herbert H. McKusick

FOR more lives to live, In the sense that I am more aware of beauty, Living three days between each dawn and

dusk.

More windows in the pullman of my soul, So that, As I make the one-way journey called Life, I may see further

And see both sides at once.

More depth to my vision, That even the smallest yellow bloom That decks the way, I shall not overlook As I travel the endless road From Always Was To Always Will Be.



WINTER A LA 1933-34 Photo by W. B. Hales.

The Reason

By Florence Hartman Townsend

I VE quite often wished that you lived by yourself

In a quaint little house with a clock on a shelf, With a yellow rose climbing abloom at the

door, And gold sunlight scattered for rugs on the floor:

With a bit of a kitchen, a deep winding

stair. A wide hearth inviting just one roomy

chair. With a shy, squeaky mouse in the raftery

To dine on the crumbs you would readily spare it.

Can you guess why I wish that you lived by yourself In this dear little house with a clock on

a shelf?

Just think of the bright little kitchen a minute; Don't you fancy you'd like more than pots

and pans in it? And doesn't the winding stair faintly sug-

The light, tripping feet of the one you love best

And the one roomy chair? Why, the stupidest dunce Should see through that gesture, and see it

at once. Why, even the shy little mouse in the

garret

Has guessed that I want you to ask me to share it.

---Winter Sunset

Bu Ann Jarvis

O BLESSED end of day, Thou peaceful sunset hour, When songs on heart-strings play And clamorings expire, When set against the gray Of mournful afternoon, gorgeous array Of heaven's wreaths festoon The sun's last lingering ray. The snow-white valleys glow, And distant hills display

Red-blues that fading grow. A masterpiece so gay In gold and bronze and blue In rosy embers lay.

A still lake mirrors true, And on its winding way Yon streamlet catches fire. Some birds their flight delay

To that imposing spire. God, thanks to Thee for day And for the live-long night. Oh, teach me how to pray In this ethereal light.

40.000 To An Estranged Friend

By Grant H. Redford

THE tousled weeping willow tree is there, Beside the creek we used to walk along * * *

And that old fence that faltered everywhere And made you laugh and say, "Let's write a song

About a weeping tree, and crooked fence That wanders up a purple hill to home," Is there just as it was * * the difference, Is you are gone, and I go there, alone.

Of course it doesn't matter * * * those things, now,

A beastly crooked fence-a silly tree-A large ungainly hill—and yet—some-how * * *!

They say you're rich, and married happily! I'm glad for you—I'm hoping you will hear

That, "those things," grow more beautiful each year!



ABOVE: THE FIRST EDITION OF THE BOOK OF MORMON

BELOW: HOME OF ISAAC HALE, HARMONY, PA., WHERE JOSEPH SMITH TRANSLATED A PART OF THE BOOK OF MORMON—1827-1829

E D I T (

As I View the Book of Mormon

AS a boy of about fifteen I read, carefully and prayerfully, the Book of Mormon, and there came into my heart an abiding and firm testimony of its divine authenticity. From that day to this its wonderful teachings have been a comfort, a blessing, and a guide to me.

I thank God from the bottom of my heart that I read the life of Nephi in my youth. I fell in love with him then, and his life has influenced mine for good more than that of any other character in ancient history, sacred or profane—save only the Redeemer of the world.

Heber Grans

The Mission of the Book of Mormon

THE BOOK OF MORMON has not yet fulfilled the great purpose for which it was originally written. Incidentally, of course, it has brought a knowledge of the dealings of God with that ancient branch of the House of Israel on this American continent to the Church and to the world but the Church is merely a custodian of this sacred book to carry it to its real mission.

The primary purpose for which the Book of Mormon was originally prepared is set forth in Mormon's preface to the book, in which he says that the purpose of writing the book "is to show unto the remnant of the House of Israel what great things the Lord hath done





THE HILL CUMORAH. THE I WOOD FROM THE HILL. P A GIFT TO SUPT. GEOF

for their fathers; and that they may know the covenants of the Lord, that they are not cast off forever-and also to the convincing of the Jew and Gentile that Jesus is the Christ, the Eternal God, manifesting himself unto all nations.

In the third section of the book of Doctrine and Covenants the Lord said to the Prophet Joseph Smith that the chief purpose for which the Book of Mormon was written was that the testimony shall go to the knowledge of the Lamanites and other branches of the House of Israel concerning their forefathers (19th verse) and for this very purpose are these plates preserved which contain these records, that the promises of the Lord might be fulfilled which He made to His people, and that the Lamanites might come to the knowledge of their fathers and that they might know the promises of the Lord and that they may believe the Gospel and rely upon the merits of Jesus Christ and be glorified through faith in His name."

I recall receiving very distinct impressions both on Fort Peck Reservation in Montana, while preaching to the Indians, and also in my visit among the Indians in South America that there were very many important things the Lord had to do in preparing these people for the reception of the Gospel. Many of those things have already been accomplished and others are under way. In due time the preparation will have been made and then will come the glorious day when this Book is to be carried to the descendants of this branch of the House of Israel and great and wonderful are the promises of the Lord unto them when they do receive it.

Melvin Ballard

SECOND BOOK OF MEPUN.

As any of the Jest, are the covenant people of the Lord; and the Lord of the Jest, are the covenant people of the Lord; and the Lord of the Jest of the Lord, saying the people of the Lord; and people of the Lord; and the Lord of the Lord of the With the ment that the Lord of the With the with the mind of the Jest of the With the More one of the Covenant of the Merita of the Work of the Work of the Merita of the Work of the Merita of the Work of the Work of the Work of the Merita of the Work of the then you may be resummed as a surface and the common of our rect know common of the process of the common of the process of the common of the people.

Propose that the JCR's which are scattered, also shall begin to believe in that the JCR's which are scattered, gather, in the people of the Christ; and they shall begin to the people of pass that the Lord God shall commence here in Christ, shall also become a delightsome people.

As not shall come to pass that the Lord God shall commence, the control of the people in the restoration of his neonle upon the earth. And And it shall come to pass that the Lord God shall commence bring above, among all nations, kindled so longues and commence with riskness received with references shall the forth foot judge to the carry from the Lord God shall commence shall the carry for the Lord foot judge to the poor, and remained the early shift the role of the first hand with poor, and reconcerd, the shall shall be shall the people; and the wise for first mouth, and, and with the shall the people; and the wired shall clear for the time shall receive the shall shall clear for the time shall receive the shall rec

> ABOVE: A PAGE FROM THE FIRST TRANSLATION OF THE BOOK OF MORMON. NOTE THAT THERE ARE NO NUMBERED VERSES

BELOW: BUILDING IN WHICH THE BOOK OF MORMON WAS PUBLISHED



GE ALBERT SMITH



Who and how many wrote "The Book of Mormon?" This resident of Salt Lake City has taken the trouble to find out for us, according to the evidence in the book itself. He has also given the periods in years during which each leader held the scepter of power.

Succession of Book of Mormon Authors

1. Nephi wrote the record of the ministry from the year 8 of the Nephite record or 592 B. C. (I Nephi 9:2-3) to the year 55 or 545 B.

C. (II Nephi 6:2-3—Jacob 1:1).
2. Jacob (brother of Nephi [II Nephi 6:2]) succeeds his brother as author in the year 55 or 545 B.

C. (Jacob 1:1).

3. Enos (son of Jacob [Jacob 7:27]) succeeded his father as author. Closed his record in the year 179 or 421 B. C. (Enos 1:25).

4. Jarom (son of Enos [Jarom 1:1]) succeeded his father as author in the year 179 or 421 B. C.

(Enos 1:25).

5. Omni (son of Jarom [Omni 1:1]) succeeded his father as author. Closed his record in the year 282 or 318 B. C. (Omni 1:3).

6. Amaron (son of Omni [Omni 1:3]) succeeded his father as author. Closed his record in the year 320 or 280 B. C. (Omni

7. Chemish (brother of Amaron [Omni 1:8-9]) succeeded as author.

8. Abinadom (son of Chemish [Omni 1:10]) succeeded as author.

9. Amaleki (son of Abinadom [Omni 1:12] succeeded as author, had no seed (Omni 1:25), was the end of the line from Jacob.

10. Benjamin (son of Mosiah, was combined king and spiritual leader and keeper of the sacred records [Omni 1:23-25]) succeeded as author. Ended in the year 476 or 124 B. C. (Mosiah 6:4).

11. Mosiah (son of Benjamin [Mosiah 6:3]) succeeded as author as well as king. He was the last

of the line of kings.

12. Alma II (son of Alma Isee preface to Book of Alma) became the first Chief Judge (Alma 1:1) and consecrated High Priest over the people (Alma 4:4) suc-

THOMAS I. YATES

ceeded as author (Alma 44:24) beginning 91 B. C. He reigned 18 years or until 73 B. C. (Alma 44: 24).

13. Helaman (son of Alma II [Alma 45:2]) succeeded as author (see preface to Alma, Chapter 45).

14. Shiblon (son of Heleman [Alma 63:17]) received the sacred things (Alma 63:1) in the 36th year of the reign of the Judges, or 55 B. C. (Alma 63:4).

15. Helaman II (son of Helaman [Alma 63:11]) received the sacred things (Alma 63:11) in the 39th year of the reign of the Judges, or 52 B. C. (Alma 63:

16. Nephi (son of Helaman II [Helaman 3:37]) succeeded his father in the 53rd year of reign of the Judges, or 38 B. C. (Hela-

man 3:37). 17. Nephi II (son of Nephi [see preface to III Nephi for his genealogy]) succeeded to the plates of brass, and all the records which had been kept, and all those things which had been kept sacred from the departure of Leĥi out of Jerusalem (II Nephi 1:2). This was after 91st year of the reign of the Judges, and 600 years from the time Lehi left Jerusalem, the year

Christ was born (III Nephi 1:1). 18. Nephi III (son of Nephi II [see preface to IV Nephi]) suc-

ceeded his father.

19. Amos (son of Nephi III) succeeded his father (IV Nephi 1: He kept the records 84 years (IV Nephi 1:20).

20. Amos (son of Amos) succeeded his father in the year 194

A. D. (IV Nephi 1:21). (brother of 21. Ammaron Amos) succeeded to the records 305 A. D. (IV Nephi 1:47). He hid

the records and all the sacred things 320 A.D.

22. Mormon (son of Mormon a descendant of Nephi [Mormon 1:5] about 10 years old in 320 A. D. [Mormon 1:2]) received a charge from Ammaron concerning these sacred things. He commanded him to write on the plates the things he

knew. Mormon hid the plates and all sacred things in the Hill Cumorah, except a few plates which he gave to his son, Moroni (Mormon 6:6). This was in the year 384 A. D. (Mormon 6:5).

23. Moroni (son of Mormon [Mormon 6:5]) finishes his father's record (Mormon 8:1) and hides the plates (Mormon 8:14). Sept. 22, 1827, Moroni delivered the plates to Joseph Smith (History of Joseph Smith in Pearl of Great Price, Chapter 2:59).

BOOK OF MORMON LEADERS

As Mr. Yates Figures Their Records							
B. C. B. C.	Yrs.						
600 to 592	8						
592 to 545	47						
545 to 485	60						
485 to 421	64						
421 to 370	51						
370 to 318	52						
318 to 280	38						
	40						
240 to 202	38						
202 to 166	36						
	42						
	33						
91 to 73	18						
73 to 55	18						
	3						
52 to 38	14						
	38						
A. D. A. D.	Yrs.						
0 to 55	55						
55 to 110	. 55						
110 to 194	84						
194 to 305	111						
305 to 320	15						
	64						
384 to 421	37						
	B. C. B. C. C. 600 to 592 592 to 545 545 to 485 485 to 421 421 to 370 370 to 318 318 to 280 280 to 240 240 to 202 202 to 166 166 to 124 124 to 91 91 to 73 73 to 55 55 to 52 52 to 38 38 to 0 A. D. A. D. 0 to 55 55 to 110 110 to 194 194 to 305 305 to 320 320 to 384						

The Indians and the New Deal

(Continued from page 137)

centralizing of authority from Washington out to the local agencies, and from the local agencies out to the organized Indians. And we are determined to use Indians very much more generally in the paid Indian Service.

Space does not allow for more detail, but I point out one matter of the present, which speaks volumes.

BEGINNING last July, the Indians were permitted to have their own Emergency Conservation camps. More than 14,000 Indians enrolled in these camps. The camps are doing reforestation, water development, erosion control, and

land development work in all parts of the Indian country.

Not being subject to civil service regulations, we have used Indians freely in the supervisory and technical jobs. At this date, about 48% of all supervisory positions are held by Indians.

The Indian camps and projects have been brilliantly successful. They have been successful among the Navajos, Pueblos, Pimas and Papagos—tribes whose sobriety and industry have long been famous; and they have been equally successful among the plains Indians and the Pacific Coast tribes and the Chippewas and Oklahoma Indians, whose industry and sobriety had been generally disbelieved in.

I may say that the tribes whose industry and whose morale apparently had gone to pieces were the tribes which had been subjected to the ruinous allotment system.

In the Emergency Conservation camps, these tribes have had their opportunity to show that their old Indian spirit is not yet destroyed. They have proved that this is true. They have worked, lived, and played in their camp groups. They have created their own work projects and have executed these projects themselves. Surely they have earned the right to a "new deal" in the matter of land and self-determination.

The hoped for new policy is almost wholly dependent on legislation. That legislation will be pending in the present Congress. Every friend of the Indian will be urged to procure the bills, to study them, criticise them, and if he believes that they are right, to help in securing their enactment.

Blood Grouping Among the Indians

(Continued from page 138)

I among them, i. e., from 72 per cent to 99 per cent among various tribes. This high occurrence of group I has been interpreted by anthropologists as evidence that the American Indian was at one time a pure Group I people and that other groups among them is a result of racial crossing. It has also been supposed that the American Indian is a very primitive race which separated from the rest of the human family before the factors which determine groups II, III, and IV developed.

Very recently, however, investigation made among the "Blackfeet" and "Blood" tribes of American Indians has revealed the fact that among these people group II is just as preponderant as is group I among other Indian tribes studied until now. The Blackfeet showed 76.5 per cent group II and the Blood tribe 83.3 per cent.

Only a few other instances are recorded in which a similar high frequency of group II occurs. Baffin Island Eskimos have been reported by Heinbecker and Pauli as having 63.89 per cent group II. Dr. Nigg found 60.8 per cent group II among native Hawaiians and group II has been reported as high

as 62.6 per cent among the Laps of Sweden.

This data of the blood groups among the American Indians has, I believe, a peculiar interest for Latter-day Saints. Not only is this interest an academic one, but it is stimulated by the fact that the "Book of Mormon" gives an account of the origin of the American Indian.

It is significant that putative full blood Indians are so overwhelmingly either group I or group II, and that the blood group distribution becomes more like that of the white man the more admixture there is with the white race. This is what would be expected for any hereditary characteristic. It means that both group I and group II Indians were at one time pure races and that other groups among them are a result of racial or tribal crossing.

I WAS recently informed by Supt. Forrest R. Stone of the Blackfeet Agency at Browning, Montana, that "in the early days the "Blackfeet," which included the "Piegans" and "Bloods" of Canada, ranged from the Rocky Mountains east to the Sioux territory, south into what is now Wyoming, and north into Canada. The agency records show admixtures with other tribes such as Canadian Cree, American Cree, Chippewa, Cherokee, Snake, Shoshone, Sioux, Gros Ventre, Flathead, Kootanai, and Alaskan, as

well as others. In the early days," he states "captive women and children were adopted by the tribe and later members of other tribes came and settled with the Blackfeet." He states further that "the first white men to come into contact with the Blackfeet were probably the first trappers and traders that came up the Missouri River." So it is remarkable that in spite of this admixture so high a percentage of group II can still be found among those individuals said to be full blooded Blackfeet and Blood Indians. Obviously the progenitors of these Indians did not separate from the rest of mankind before the factor which determines group II developed in the race. One is either forced to this conclusion or the unlikely alternative that group II is a local mutant among these two tribes of Indians. It seems more plausible that these Indians were once a pure group II people who descended from a small homogeneous group, so far as the blood groups are concerned.

Another interesting theory that has been held by some anthropologists is that the American Indian is of Mongoloid origin. It is supposed that he came from Asia to this continent via Behring Strait. The blood group data obtained among the Blackfeet and Bloods does not support this conclusion. The Hirszfelds found that the factor which determines group II is most concentrated in peoples of western Europe and the factor

which determines group III in peoples of Asia, and most writers have concluded that these factors had their origin in these respective localities. Mutation II it is assumed, probably occurred in Europe and mutation III in India or the Orient, and were carried and spread by migration from these places. II spreading eastward, III westward. If this is correct one would expect to find group III and not II in a people of Mongoloid origin.

Attention has already been called to the fact that the Polynesians, notably the Hawaiians, have a high percentage of group II among them. On the basis of the tentative "law" of serological raceclassification, formulated by Dr. L. H. Snyder, this may be a matter of considerable importance. The third of Snyder's "laws" is as follows: "If any person shows blood group frequencies similar to a group of peoples not known to be related to it, the conclusion may be drawn that the former traces back to the latter somewhere in its ancestry, or else that the former has undergone crossing with the latter group or some similar people.'

It must be pointed out, however,

that while the blood groups may profitably serve as additional criteria in determining racial relationships, their value should not be overestimated. Dr. Snyder points out that "it must not be thought that because the groups are hidden in the blood, they possess some mysterious power of providing a basis for racial classification. They must merely take their places as available criteria along with pigmentation, hair form, cephalic index and the rest." While the datum obtained among the Blackfeet Indians when considered by itself does certainly not prove that the group II American Indians and the native Hawaiians are related, it may nevertheless be regarded as significant evidence in this direction when viewed in the light of social and religious traditions among these peoples. For such information the reader is referred to such books as "Collection of Hawaiian Folk Lore," Dr. Abraham Fornander; "Traditional History of the New Zealand Race," Sir George Grey; and articles by Elder Duncan M. McAllister, "Improvement Era," June, 1921; "Liahona," page 97, 1920, Nov. 22, 1921, and Dec.,

1922; "Deseret News," Sept. 9 1922; also an article by Elder Wm. M. Waddoups, "Improvement Era," Oct., 1920.

IN conclusion then it may be said: (1) that the evidence of the blood groups points to the existence of two serological classes of American Indians; (2) these Indians had a separate origin and were at one time pure races, each probably coming from a small homogeneous group so far as the blood groups are concerned; (3) the "Blackfeet" and "Blood" tribes of American Indians at least did not separate from the human family before the inheritable factor for group II developed in the race; (4) the theory of a Mongoloid origin of the American Indian is certainly not strengthened, if not definitely weakened by finding so high a percentage of group II among the "Blackfeet" and "Blood" tribes of Indians; and (5) the finding of such a preponderance of group II among the "Blackfeet" and "Bloods" is further evidence of a relationship between these American Indians and native Hawaiians.

Meeting Plenty-Coups

(Continued from page 141)

the Chief of the nation and a visit with the Chief of the Crows; but this would prevent my taking along my camp equipage, since one does not like to enter a Presidential fishing-camp with a roll of blankets on his back. I did not know how I should manage to live on the Crow reservation; but when I arrived there John Frost had arranged everything for me. John is a preacher. "You may sleep in my preacher. "You may sleep in my church," he told me, "and you may get your meals at the missionhouse. John, himself, lived fifty miles from his church, so that I had it all to myself. I should like to speak of the kindness of the ladies in the mission house, but there is not room in this article.

THE Chief's place was but a few miles from the church, and as soon as I had made my bed I paid the old man a preparatory visit. He was not alone, however. Severeral prominent Crows were there;

and they had been in council with the Chief. Sudden suspicion of my enterprise was evident, even Plentycoups himself appearing cold. Knowing the Indian as well as I do this was not surprising, and yet



TEPEE SERVICE STATION, BROWNING, MONTANA

it did threaten failure. "Why do you wish to write down the words of Plenty-coups?" was the question asked, while half-hostile eyes looked straight into my own. I explained, being very careful to point out the good which I believed would come to the Crows through the writing of the Chief's story, not forgetting to mention the attention which the Old-Man Coyote stories had attracted.

At last we began as Plenty-coups said, "at the Beginning." I dreaded the day when I should have to tell the Chief of my proposed visit to the Black Hills, because I feared that this break in the story-telling might end it all. I was even considering the cancellation of the fishing-trip; but luck was on my side. On the second day of the story-telling the Chief said, "Tomorrow I will not talk here. I am meat-hungry. I am going into the hills and kill some meat-hungry, I will talk here again."

This interruption permitted me to call upon the Chief of the Nation. When I returned to the Crow country Plenty-coups finished the story of his life which was published in the book, American.

The Power of Truth

(Continued from page 145)

also preventable, but to reach the cause requires time and united heroic effort of all individuals.

In the battle against poverty, those writers who seek to inflame the poor against the rich, to foment discontent between labor and capital, do grievous wrong to both. What the world needs is to have the two brought closer together in the bonds of human brotherhood. The poor should learn more of the cares, responsibilities, unrecorded charities, and absorbing worries of the rich; the rich should learn more intimately the sorrows, privations, struggles, and despair of poverty.

THE world is learning the great truth, that the best way to prevent crime is to study the sociologic conditions in which it flourishes, to seek to give each man a better chance of living his real life by removing, if possible, the elements that make wrong easy, and to him, almost necessary, and by inspiring him to fight life's battle bravely with all the help others can give him. Science is cooperating with religion in striving to conquer the evil at the root instead of the evil manifest as crime in the fruit of the branches. It is so much wiser to prevent than to cure; to keep someone from being burned is so much better than inventing new poultices for unnecessary hurts.

It is ever the little things that make up the sum of human misery. All the wild animals of the world combined do but trifling damage, when compared with the ravages of insect pests. The crimes of humanity, the sins that make us start back affrighted, do not cause as much sorrow and unhappiness in life as the multitude of little sins, of omission and commission, that the individual, and millions like him, must meet every day. They are not the evil deeds that the law can reach or punish, they are but the infinity of petty wrongs for

which man can never be tried until he stands with bowed head before the bar of justice of his own conscience.

The bitter words of anger and reproach that rise so easily to our lips and give us a moment's fleeting satisfaction in thus venting our feelings, may change the current of the whole life to someone near to us. The thoughtless speech, revaling our lack of tact and sympathy, cannot be recalled and made nothing by the plea, "I didn't think." To sensitive souls this is no justification; they feel that our hearts should be so filled with the instinct of love that our lips would need no tutor or guardian.

Our unfulfilled duty may bring unhappiness and misery to hundreds. The dressmaker's bill that a rich woman may toss lightly aside, as being an affair of no moment, to be settled at her serene pleasure, may bring sorrow, privation or even failure to her debtor, and through her to a long chain of others. The result, if seen in all its stern reality, seems out of all proportion to the cause. There are places in the Alps, where great masses of snow are so lightly poised that even the report of a gun might start a vibration that would dislodge an avalanche, and send it on its death-mission into the valley.

the branches. It is so much ser to prevent than to cure; to propose from being burned so much better than inventing w poultices for unnecessary ints.

It is ever the little things that ake up the sum of human misery. It he wild animals of the world mbined do but trifling damage, hen compared with the ravages of sect pests. The crimes of humanity, the sins that make us start ck affrighted, do not cause as the sortow and unhappiness in the sortow and unh

LET the individual say each day, as he rises new-created to face a new life: "Today no one in the world shall suffer because I live. I will be kind, considerate, careful in thought and speech and act. I

will seek to discover the element that weakens me as a power in the world, and that keeps me from living up to the fulness of my possibility. That weakness I will master today. I will conquer it, at any cost."

When any failure or sorrow comes to the individual, he should be glad if he can prove to himself that it was his fault,—for then he has the remedy in his own hands. Lying, intrigue, jealousy are never remedies that can prevent an evil. They postpone it, merely to augment it. They are merely deferring payment of a debt which has to be met later,—with compound interest. It is like trying to put out a fire by pouring kerosene on the

Jealousy in the beginning is but a thought,-in the end it may mean the gallows. Selfishness often assumes seemingly harmless guises, yet it is the foundation of the world's unhappiness. Disloyalty may seem to be a rare quality, but society is saturated with it. Judas acquired his reputation because of his proficiency in it. Sympathy which should be the atmosphere of every individual life is as rare as human charity. The world is suffering from an over-supply of unnecessary evils, created by man. They should be made luxuries, then man could dispense with them.

The world needs societies formed of members pledged to the individual conquest of preventable pain and sorrow. The individual has no right that runs counter to the right of anyone else. There are no solo parts in the eternal music of life. Each must pour out his life in duo with every other. Every moment must be one of choice, of good or evil. Which will the individual choose? His life will be his answer. Let him dedicate his life to making the world around him brighter, sweeter and better, and by his conquest of preventable pain and sorrow he will day by day get fuller revelation of the glory of the possibilities of individual living, and come nearer and nearer to the realization of his ideals.

The Torch of Walpi (Continued from page 148)

he is too stolid. While in all fairness it must be admitted that there is a great deal of truth in this state-

ment, generally speaking, it is not true of the Hopi. He can, and will greet you pleasantly, and, in a surprising number of instances, he will even attempt a conversation of sorts.

Visitors to the Hopi reservation

go into raptures over the cunning, happy brown babies who live there. And these same visitors always express their surprise at the friendly attitude of all the natives of Walpi. Had these white sightseers been able to know what a splendid example Chief Harry had set for his people, it would not be at all difficult to understand this general air of friendliness that prevails. Though the chief is dead, in cementing a fine respect for his people, he has left them a priceless heritage, and one assuredly, that can never die.

At the time of his passing, there was a mad scramble for pictures of

the great Hopi leader.

"Why," impatiently demanded more than one reporter, "can't we get some pictures of such a prominent personage? We always have lots and lots of pictures of our people."

TO one who has studied Indian life, the answer to the question is obvious. The red man has a strong superstition against photographs—and Chief Shu-pela would not permit any love for publicity to override this ancient Indian belief. Posing for artists, according to the Indian way of reasoning, is

different from posing for a camera. If ever a leader had an opportunity to "fall for" the "publicity hounds," this noble torch of Walpi had. Yet he steadfastly refused any such offers—so, again, may not our own race profit by the light of such an example?

At the time of his death, Chief Harry Shu-pela, the last of a lengthy line of the honored Snake chiefs of the Hopi tribe, was fifty-five years old. He had held this highest honor of his race for almost half his lifetime. His mother, as well as some other relatives, had accepted Christianity. Chief Harry's wife Mary, survives him as do his three sons, Colvin, Ralph and Jerrome, and the daughters, Polly and Alberta.

In looking back over a life of untiring service, and the courageous example the great Snake Chief has been to his family, his tribe and his white friends, one thinks of many allusions to "the good men do," and how that good can never die. That famous oration, delivered at the time of Lafayette's death, contains the unforgettable passage which begins, "Death, who knocks with equal hand at the palace gate and the cottage door, has been busy at his appointed work." So Death could not spare the torch that has so long and so efficiently guided the life of Walpi.

The lofty Indian mesa will drowse on in the beneficent Arizona sun; the adorable brown baby inhabitants will continue to take their sun baths on the roofs of those odd three-story dwellings; and to kick their little Hopi heels, and to charm all comers; the quaintly dressed brothers and sisters will still tend the herds of Hopi sheep; the unremitting battle for a living from the crops must go on; and in this stability of an unconquerable race, one feels the very breath of that equally unconquerable spirit, Chief Harry Shu-pela, the Torch of Walpi.

Give Your Eyes A Chance

(Continued from page 149)

inches of our faces. In other words, they must use the power of accommodation heavily, even for looking at objects a long way off.

The muscle of accommodation and the muscle which turns the eye in toward the nose are supplied by the same nerve. Such arrangement is natural, since when we accommodate for close up we also turn the eyes inward to focus upon the object. Consequently, when a great charge of nerve energy is carried to the muscle of accommodation, to overcome-by straininga marked far-sightedness, it is only natural to expect some of this load to spill over into the other muscles and tend to turn the eyes inward, or to cross them. If one eye is much worse than the other, it will be the one to be crossed, and perhaps kept in that position. Should the difficulty be about equal in the two eyes, they may cross alternately.

AT first, the turning is only momentary, but it tends to become more and more an established thing, unless the strain is taken off. This

being true, one must be impressed with the tragic possibilities of that advice so often given, that the child will "grow out of crossed eyes." Actually it grows more and more into the condition, and loses its vision in the crossed eye, should nothing be done to prevent it.

In an oculist's reception room, a noisy woman, much horrified, accosted a young mother who was accompanied by her ten-months-old baby. wearing glasses.

"For heaven's sake," she cried, "don't you know better'n to let them put glasses on that baby? Why, you'll ruin its eyes. I never heard of such a fool thing."

"One of her eyes was crossed," the baby's mother patiently explained. "It is straight when she wears the glasses, but when I take them off it crosses, and she cries to have them back on again."

"Well, they'll ruin her eyesight anyway," affirmed the other, whose own fifteen-year-old daughter, exhibiting a badly crossed eye, sat quite indifferent to what went on around her.

THIS illustrates two ways of meeting a common problem. The baby had proper glasses fitted to correct its far-sightedness and relieve the constant excessive straining to see. Its eyes immediately became straight, and it was com-

fortable in clearer vision and freedom from overburdening its eyes. The far-sightedness would decrease with each succeeding year, until there would be no longer any demand for accommodation when it looked at distant things. Its vision would be preserved in the formerly crossed eye, and its eyes would never require operation to keep them straight.

The young girl who had been allowed to go uncorrected probably had an eye so lowered in vision it could never be useful again. She had come too late for glasses to influence the crossed eye. She had gone through immeasurable torture at the hands of thoughtless schoolmates, which eventually made her ostracize herself from intimate human companionship, and induced an inferiority complex of ruinous consequences to her psychic outlook

Under such circumstances, the only recourse is to operation. Surgery, properly carried out, will restore such an eye to its proper position, but nothing can bring back vision lost through degeneration of cells in the retina. Even so, the operation should be done as soon as is feasible, to relieve the deformity with its imagined stigma, and to furnish relief from the mental suffering so destructive of personality and self-confidence.

The Hawaiian Hula Hula

(Continued from page 152)

who, child-like in their playtime moods, had never known the stern discipline of the Anglo-Saxon struggle for existence. And the ancient Hawaiians did not personally dance for their own amusement. Because their hula was a religious matter, strictly guarded by tabus, and surrounded by an atmosphere of incantation, and the performance of priestly rites, it was an accomplishment requiring special education and intensive training in both song and dance, and was always done by a body of trained performers. All the traditions of a religion cloaked in gloom and superstition and the rites of propitiation of the gods prohibited a spontaneous exhibition of the hula. If these ancient hula dancers could only see their beloved hula as it is danced today, they would weep for shame.

If the early whalers, who were primarily responsible for the degradation of the hula, could but see it as it is danced today—they, too, would doubtless turn over in their graves and bewail the fact that they were not permitted to live a hundred or so years longer upon the earth.

PERHAPS the story of Pele holds an account of the first hula. It is supposed to have been accomplished by little Hiiaka, the favorite sister of the fire goddess, who, dancing alone on the sands, improvised her melody to the rhythmic swaying of her form.

And after that were many kinds of hula dances, each symbolic of some special phase of Hawaii's history, some mystery of Polynesian mythology, or performed in celeptation of some special event. The songs were, in many instances, as has been said, "a handful of lyrics strung on an epic thread."

Since historic times there have been, so far as is known, two general types of the Hawaiian hula. There was the formal dance, which was regarded by the people as a sacred and religious performance, and others of not such rank and dignity. The latter was more or less casual in its assembly.

The ancient Hawaiian perform-

ed his formal hula in a religious atmosphere. A halau or hall was erected—often by the entire population of a district, after a site was selected, amidst fasts and the observance of tabus and with due regard for the avoidance of evil omens; and there were ceremonial purifications and offerings.

There was the installation of the altar or kuahu (koo-ah-hoo) formed of the sweet-scented flowers and leaves of Hawaii, and, to the accompaniment of prayers and chants, dedicated to Laka, goddess of the hula. Her presence was symbolized by an uncarved block of wood from the sacred lama tree. which was wrapped in choice tapa, scented, and set conspicuously upon the shrine, for, it must be remembered, the Hawaiians at this time were idol worshippers. It was an occasion, which though filled with ceremony, was also a time of great rejoicing.

The ancient hula, as was proper, was supported by the alii or royalty, to whom, as a matter of course, belonged all Hawaii. All roads led to the king's court, or rather, to the group of thatched houses which served as the royal abode, and, as success, even in those days, meant many of the good things of life, there was much competition for royal favor.

THERE were two classes of performers in the hula troupe when it was first gathered together by the hula-master for instruction—the agile ones; young and personable men and women who took the poses and gestures of the dances, and the steadfast ones, composed of the older men and women who played their parts while sitting or kneeling, and who handled the

Partings

By Susan T. Jannings

IF I should part from you at night, When song of bird lies stilled upon the air; All through the phantom light Your haunting vacancies

So I would part with you at dawn, When song of bird comes dancing on the air;

Then as the day draws on, The strength of you, your love Will greet me everywhere.

Would meet me everywhere.

heavier instruments and took up the more exacting duties of the hula.

Each company had a leader, who was also the teacher and conductor. Then there was the priest, or kahuna, and under him a kokua kumu, or deputy, who was in charge during his absence. The poo-puaa was the special agent of the pupils, and the paepae, his assistant. The hoo-ulu was the guard stationed at the door, and there was also a retinue of other individuals who attended to the material needs of the gathering.

Reinforced by the dire powers of the tabu, order was maintained in this school of the hula, and the entire time of each pupil was devoted to the perfection of his art.

The ancient hula dancer of either sex wore a costume of which the chief article was a simple short skirt about the waist reaching nearly to the knees. This skirt was made of delicately tinted tapa, a native cloth made from the bark of a certain tree in Hawaii. Then there were the anklets fashioned of materials all the way from whale bone to the teeth of dogs and sharks; and a lei, or wreath, of Hawaiian flowers to crown the head, as well as another to be worn about the shoulders or neck.

SOME of these hulas employed comparatively modest action, but always the subordination of strength to grace and elegance was demanded.

Two hands of the hula dancers are forever going out in gesture, her body swaying and pivoting itself in attitudes of expression. Her whole physique is a living and moving picture of feeling, sentiment and passion. If the range of thought is not always deep or high, it is not the fault of her art, but rather the limitations of her original endowment, the limitations of hereditary environment, the universal limitations imposed upon the translation from spirit into matter.

With the arrival of the first whaling vessels, the hula was modernized to suit the jaded palates of the sailors of a hundred years ago. More and more objectionable features were introduced. The natives, ever obliging, were influenced by the effects of gin and the desire for the suggestive dance, and the hulahula degenerated into the thing it is today.

LIGHTS and SHADOWS on the SCREEN

OF interest are the following comments, made by experienced producers: "Here is a curious reflex of 1933's repeal," says Jesse Lasky, "the legalization of spirits has weakened the dramatic effects of drinking. Whereas prohibition tended to glorify the drunkard, repeal seems to debase him."

"Mr. Lasky recently ordered a drinking scene out of a picture because it had 'lost its wallop! What would have been dramatic several weeks ago now

suddenly became comic.'

"Another leader, Mr. Sheehan, prophesies for 1934: "Cynical, sophisticated screen plays with synthetic sinners and double meaning dialogue are things of the past. The New Year will see a great revival of popularity for simple human pictures dealing with everyday life. * * * The public is interested in real people trying to make the best out of life."

Reviews and Previews*

COUNSELOR AT LAW (Univ.): Life story of a Jewish lawyer who faithfully befriends his race while surmounting overwhelming obstacles in environment, politics and matrimony. Excellent for Adults and Young People.

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE? (M. G. M.): Diverting comedy in the modern manner, in which a young girl, deciding to become sophisticated, involves her flighty mother, her testy old father and her unconventional aunt. Excessive smoking mars an otherwise interesting picture. For Adults and Young Adults.

Young Adults.
BY CANDLELIGHT (Universal): Comedy, in the Vienese manner, of two servants who masquerade as their em-

ployers. Sophisticated.

MR. SKITCH (Fox): Will Rogers in a picture of many laughs and homely

philosophy. Family.

FLYING DOWN TO RIO (R. K. O.): An unimportant story, elaborately produced, with some lovely dancing so mixed with vulgarity as to make the whole disgusting.

GOING HOLLYWOOD (M. G. M.): Pleasing, light entertainment, based on a very thin story. All right for families who can stand another musical ex-

travaganza.

ROMAN SCANDALS (United Artists): Pretentious presentation of adtists): Pretentious presentation of adtists): Pretentious presentation of adtists is transported in a dream to ancient Rome. Occasionally lapses into
the risque, aside from which it would
suit the family.

BOMBAY MAIL (Univ.): Murder on train is solved by flippant detective.

Adults, if any.

THUNDERING HERD (Par.): Typical Western with beautiful scenery. Family.

WHEN a great editor rates cultivating a taste for better motion pictures with the nine major problems which confront the women of the United States in 1934, and of equal importance with eliminating racketeering, opposing wat and keeping motherhood safe, those who have been striving for the support of better films may congratulate themselves that they have found a strong champion.

In outlining a 1934 program for women's organizations, Loring A. Schuler, editor of the Ladies Home Journal, writes: "Hollywood's great industry lives only by favor of the public. If dirty pictures fill the theatres, then the producer can only conclude that the public likes them dirty. But if the women voice a loud enough demand for better films, and patronize them when they are produced, then Hollywood will surely see the light."

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM (Par.): Vulgar, cheap story of American Art Students' experiences in Paris. Not recommended.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN (United Artists): Fast moving and fairly entertaining comedy of a reporter, assigned to the advice column of the paper, which he finally uses to close up some racketeering. Adults and Young People.

THE CHIEF (M. G. M.): Less funny than the radio broadcasts of Ed Wynn, the story will entertain those who like this comedian. Family.

CONVENTION CITY (First Nat'1): Rough comedy, low in tone throughout, and cannot fail to leave bad taste with those who are discriminating. Not recommended.

CRIMINAL AT LARGE (Helber Productions): Well built story with solution to series of murder mysteries coming as a clever surprise. Adults and

Young Adults.

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT (Par.): English version of German film presents play of doubtful entertainment value, full of glaring inaccuracies, unconvincing sentimentalities and ridiculous inconsistencies. Several moving incidents, lovely photography and a fairly sincere treatment of the central theme, cannot redeem a picture which needs redeeming badly. Not recommended.

MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN (PRO.): Splendid story of the kidnaping racket told with restraint and deep human feeling, in which the forces of law and order triumph. Adults and Young Adults.

QUEEN CHRISTINA (M. G. M.): Fine historical romance of strange and brilliant young Swedish queen of 17th century, impersonated in an inimitable manner by the inimitable Garbo. One of the fine productions of the year Adults.

SHADOWS OF SING SING (Columbia): Interesting police melodrama, with good entertainment for Adults and

Young People.

SON OF A SAILOR (M. G. M.): Comedy of boastful, romantic sailor in the Pacific fleet, a mixture of slapstick and modern fun, and is generally amus ing. Family.

GALLANT LADY (20th Cent.): After an unnecessarily distasteful beginning, the picture swings into a vital, sympathetic and human tale, done in the best modern manner; Ann Harding is lovely. Adults and Young Adults.

LONG LOST FATHER (R. K. O.): Pleasant enough comedy of a sophisticated father who loses his heart to his daughter and helps her with her love affairs. Adults and Young Adults.

STRANGE HOLIDAY (Par): Profound and poignant story of His Majesty, Death, who assumes mortal form for awhile, to find out the meaning of life. Adults and Young People.

HIS DOUBLE LIFE (Par): Slowly moving picture with some charm and little of the delightful whimsicality we had been led to expect. Family, but only a fairish program picture.

THE TEN BEST PICTURES

Each year certain groups and organizations and publications compile a list of the pictures they consider the best of the twelve months past. To compare these lists is interesting; as a rule more than half of the ten pictures named are to be found on all lists. The associated motion picture producers name the following ten: Cavalcade, Berkeley Square, Counselor at Law, One Man's Journey, Little Women, Cradle Song, Alice in Wonderland, Be Mine Tonight, Lady for a Day, S. O. S. Iceberg. Other lists have included Smoky, Topaze, Christopher Bean, Eskimo, Queen Christina, Rasputin, and Three-Cornered Moon.

Of particular interest is the fact that in the first named ten few of women stars who are considered most popular appeared—Charlotte Henry. Heather Angel. Diana Wynyard, Dorothea Wieck, May Robson, Katherine Hepburn, Bebe Daniels—where are the Crawfords, Shearers, Bennetts, Hardings, Gaynors, Dietrichs, Wests, etc.? Apparently the public wants a good story, well presented, more than they want their old favorites. The Barrymore men, Leslie Howard, Clive Brook, and others who took male leads are well known.

^{*}Pictures for children will say "family" or "children."

WARD TEACHING

Ward Teachers' Message, April, 1934

Prepared by OSCAR W. McCONKIE, under appointment of the Presiding
Bishopric

The Resurrection

A VICTORY

THE star at Bethlehem heralded a proclamation of peace, but the resurrection ("rising again from the dead") was a declaration of victory—of ultimate final triumph over stern, stubborn conflict; over wicked design; over Hebrew authority; over Roman condemnation; over the grave, and over death and hell. It was a triumph incomparable, worthy the Lamb. It planted eternal hope in the hearts of men, and restored life everlastingly. It was the most spectacular event of time, and answered forever, with burning and emblazoned reality, the interrogatory, "If a man die shall he live again?"

NATURAL AND SUPERNATURAL WITNESSES

That the scriptures witness a literal resurrection of the body is beyond the purview of doubt. Job knew that in the flesh he would see God; Isaiah wrote that the dead should arise with

their bodies; Daniel foretold an awak-ening of those that sleep in the dust; Paul testified that "if so be that the dead rise not," "we are found false witnesses of God;" Matthew witnessed that the dead came forth; John "saw the dead, small and great, stand before God," and saw "death and bell delive up the dead which were in them;" Mary, angels, certain disciples, Thomas and others beheld the resurrected Lord. Angels verified that He had risen, and the Master openly taught the doctrine, that the "Father raiseth up the dead," and comfortingly assured, "I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

THE GOD-HEAD TO WITNESS

This transcendent truth is affirmed by the united chorus of the God-Head. The Holy Ghost witnesses to all who will hear; the Son of Man plainly taught the doctrine, and the everlasting God commanded all of the inhabitants of the earth to hear the Son. Is there need for other witnesses?

A FUNDAMENTAL DOCTRINE

The resurrection is a fundamental doctrine of the Church, to be taught with its first principles. In Christ shall all be made alive. All shall come forth and stand before God for judgment. Mere contemplation ennobles thought and its realization is the crowning event of life.

POSITION OF L. D. S.

The Latter-day Saints witness these things, without darkly veiled mystery. We testify that the Son of Man was raised up; that He conquered death; that He unlocked the door for all men; that He ascended; that He, with resurrected body, appeared to Joseph Smith; that He restored the Gospel; that He shall come again, and that only through Him can salvation come. To the testimony of millions, living and dead, we add this solemn witness, and expressly repudiate all teaching to the contrary.

Suggestions to Teachers

STUDY prayerfully how best to present your message to the different persons you visit.

Be prepared on special message each month.

Gain thorough knowledge of Gospel and of instructions of authorities.
Observe faithfully every principle of the Gospel.

Fremont Stake Leaders Mobilize for Activity Campaign



ALL records for Church activity in Fremont Stake were broken in the campaign which brought together the

entire leadership of the stake pictured above with President Heber J. Grant as a visitor. President Peter J. Ricks, Jr.. and President Arthur Porter, Jr., are at President Grant's left and President Oswald Christensen at his right.

Correlating Our Efforts to Save Boys

Excerpts from Remarks of Elder George Albert Smith at Aaronic Priesthood Convention

T is impossible to estimate how much good this group can accomplish if they will just devote themselves to the plan that has been outlined today, the correlating of the three departments of this Church in the interest of the boys. The most important thing that may be accomplished by the Aaronic Priesthood is to prepare boys to be worthy of promotion to the Melchizedek Priesthood. The most important thing the Melchizedek Priesthood can do for the men is to prepare them for eternal life in the celestial kingdom. We have stressed Sunday School; we have stressed M. I. A., and have succeeded wonderfully, but while we have been doing that in some instances we have overlooked the fact that Sunday School is but an auxiliary, M. I. A. is but an auxiliary of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, while Priesthood is an essential part of the Church. Some Priesthood leaders have felt that they did not have the cooperation of the auxiliary workers, and some of the auxiliary workers have thought that the men in the Priesthood were not interested in the auxiliaries. Some who have majored in Sunday School have apparently thought that it was the most important, and some M. I. A. leaders have appeared to be little concerned about the Sunday School or the Priesthood, but have been enthusiastic about

M. I. A. "Fortunately we have arrived at a point when we realize that it will require cooperation of the workers in the Aaronic Priesthood, the workers in the Sunday School and the workers in the Y. M. M. I. A. if we are going to interest all the boys. Suppose that only 60% are already in Aaronic Priesthood quorums. If the other 40% are not brought in they will lose a part of the training the Lord himself provided for the development of his sons. If we can focus the attention of the officers of the Priesthood, the Sunday School and the Y. M. M. I. A. on the fact that by uniting we will reach every phase of the boy's life, not one of them should get away. If a boy is reluctant to go to Priesthood meetings, we will interest him in Sunday School or the M. I. A. with a group of boys that are members of the Aaronic Priesthood. And they will doubtless change his attitude toward the quorum. Priesthood organization will become so attractive that he won't have to be coaxed. He will want to be one of the

group of boys that are doing things. I think that if we can get a vision of this work we will take the plan that has been outlined, and by uniting we will not only reach 60% or 70%, but every

one.
"There are men in this Church that have been opposed to the Scout movement. Why? Because they were not informed of the benefits that would flow to the boys. Scouting touches beneficially many boys at an age when apparently other things do not satisfy. Unfortunately some men who are much interested in Scouting have not been converted to the necessity of Priest-hood training. They have worked with Boy Scouts in great earnestness, and there is no question that they have accomplished much that is desirable, but they have not done all that is necessary.

"I think the trouble has been we have narrowed down our vision. We have been interested in only one phase

of our duty.

"If we can get these fine Scout leaders to be just as much interested in the Aaronic Priesthood as in scouting; if we can inspire these excellent Sunday School workers to encourage the boys to be identified with the Aaronic Priesthood, don't you think it will help? And if we can induce these capable leaders in the Aaronic Priesthood to get these boys who are faithful in their quorums to labor with the boys who are not, and prevail upon them to attend Sunday School and Mutual, don't you think it will help?

"There isn't another organization in the world that is so well equipped to do this work as we are, and I want to say that this movement among the boys will keep us in the front rank if we will push forward without any delay. I am grateful for this meeting. Bishop Cannon and his counselors have been working against odds, because there hasn't been the cooperation there should have been in this work. Now, if we will complete this program and make it a part of every boy's life, we will no longer be compelled to admit that 40% of our boys are not participating in the Priesthood work. I am enthusiastic for the Sunday School and M. I. A. No man in this group was ever more thankful for any ordination that came to him than I was when I was ordained a Deacon. And I have always been grateful for the blessings of the Priesthood. I hope that we can bring this great body of Priesthood to see that we need all of these depart-

Fremont Stake Reports Record Activity

THAT united effort produces results is indicated by the experience of Fremont stake in a recent activity campaign reported to the Presiding Bishopric in a letter from the stake presidency. The letter follows:

Bishop Sylvester Q. Cannon and Counselors Salt Lake City, Utah Dear Brethren:

During the month of November the Fremont Stake put on a great drive to increase the attendance at sacrament and priesthood meetings and to better the efficiency and interest in these meetings and in the ward teacher's work. As a result of this drive, our stake scored the highest it has ever done, as you have no doubt noticed from the report sent in a few days ago.

All the stake and ward officers entered into this work with enthusiasm. The Presidency and High Councilmen visited the various wards each Sunday, the Priesthood quorum officers visited each member of their quorum inviting his cooperation and attendance, the bishopric organized their forces and the auxiliary officers aided with their support. Special features were planned for each of the meetings. The M. I. A. were assigned to secure a large attendance at the Fast Meeting and to feature it by numerous young people bearing testimony; one meeting was assigned the Seventies to conduct missionary services with the short gospel sermons, male choruses, etc.; another was set apart for Primary and Sunday School conferences; and the last one was a "Family Night" in which each family was expected to be present as a group and sit together, and the program made appropriate for a meeting of that kind.

It is gratifying to note the interest and success of some of these meetings. Every one of the fourteen wards had an attendance of upwards of forty percent in one or more of their meetings and only one falling below forty-five percent in the maximum attendance. One ward secured eighty-five percent in one meeting, another seventy-seven, another seventy-four and seventy, and a number between sixty and seventy

It was our aim to visit every delinquent member of the priesthood in the stake. Some of the elderly men of the Aaronic priesthood who had not been in attendance for years were seen at their quorum meetings and at Sacrament meeting. It is not our purpose to boast, but we do feel grateful for the spirit of this drive. It seems that the Lord was with us in it all, and surely much good will result from it and carry over in our future work. It is now some four years ago since we made a similar effort to make our stake one hundred percent in ward teaching, and

GOLD STAR ATTENDANCE RECORD - 1933 SECOND QUORUM S' DEACONS - THENTY-FREST MARP - ENSIGN STAKE

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not once in the last three years has it fallen below that mark. We want you to know that we are with you in your efforts to increase the efficiency of these major activities.

Under separate cover we are sending you a picture of the Fremont Stake Officers taken while President Grant was in attendance at our September quarterly conference. Perhaps it is worthy of publication in the Era or the News. However, you use your judgment as to that.

Very sincerely your brethren, Peter J. Ricks, Jr., Arthur Porter, Jr., Oswald Christensen, Fremont Stake Presidency.

Graphic Chart Encourages Attendance

A "GOLD STAR" attendance rec-ord" with stars awarded at every quorum meeting as earned was the effective method used by the Deacons Quorums of the Twenty-first ward of Ensign stake in 1933 to increase attendance and activity. One of the charts is reproduced on this page. As the roll was called each quorum meeting the star earned by the member was attached in the presence of the entire class. A gold star was awarded for attendance and all assignments filled. A silver star was given for attendance only. A red star indicated absence but with proper excuse. Absence without excuse was shown by a blank space. Use of the chart and other aids used by the supervisors enabled the two quorums of the Twenty-first ward to make an excellent record for the year. Every boy is accounted for every week.

Cache Stake Aaronic Priesthood Leads in Ward Teaching

THE major part of the ward teaching in all the wards of Cache Stake is now being done by members of the Aaronic Priesthood. Eventually it is hoped to have the entire responsibility taken over by Lesser Priesthood quorums. Reports from the Stake Presidency and the Aaronic Priesthood committee are that results are highly satisfactory and that much good is resulting from the plan. The young men are carefully prepared in advance, being given the monthly message in ample time for study. An effective reporting system is followed which shows at all times during the month the progress of the visits.

Hawthorne Ward Makes Outstanding Record

SEVENTY-FIVE percent average attendance at quorum meeting, 10,-206 assignments filled, every Aaronic Priesthood member enrolled on the quorum records and accounted for and 90% of the members of all ages observing the Word of Wisdom are highlights of the report of Aaronic Priesthood activity in Hawthorne ward of Granite Stake compiled by Fred E. Curtis, chairman of the ward Aaronic Priesthood Committee. At the beginning of the year the ward leaders and members set a mark of 10,000 assignments to be filled by members of the Aaronic Priesthood. The goal was exceeded by 206. An effort was made to bring into activity every member between 12 and 20. Only 5 remained on the inactive list at the end of the year out of a total of 154. The report in detail with comparisons with 1932 is reproduced herewith:

Aaronic Priesthood Record—Hawthorne Ward, Granite Stake 1933 as Compared With 1932

				T	otal
I	Deacons	Teachers	Priests	1933	1932
Total Priesthood in Ward	71	66	52	189	187
Number enrolled in Quorums	71	66	52	189	187
Total Number Active	55	47	47	149	138
Total Inactive	16	19	5	40	49
Inactive over 20 Years of Age	13	17	5	35	37
Inactive under 20 Years of Age	3	2		5	7
Average Monthly Attendance	50	46	45	141	127
Percent of Total in Attendance	71	70	87	75	68
Number of assignments filled	_4,289	3,,022	2,895	10,206	8,062
Number Who Filled Assignments	52	45	41	138	131
Observers of Word of Wisdom	65	61	46	172	163
Number Quorums Organized	3	1	1	5	5

TUAL

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A. GEORGE ALBERT SMITH, RICHARD R. LYMAN, MELVIN J. BALLARD, OSCAR A. KIRKHAM Executive Secretary General Offices Y. M. M. I. A. 50 NORTH MAIN STREET SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.
33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency Y. L. M. I. A. RUTH MAY FOX, LUCY GRANT CANNON, CLARISSA A. BEESLEY, ELSIE HOGAN Executive ecretary

Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

M. I. A. Musical Festival

DREPARATIONS are going forward for the great Musical Festival to be held in the tabernacle in Salt Lake City at the time of our coming June Conference. We are pleased to learn that ward and stake Musical Festivals are now being held.

Leaders are requested to study again the instructions given in our Music Manual and pay special attention to the numbers which must be prepared, the quota of singers from different stakes, and other important instructions in relation to this big event. The Music Committee of our General Boards are sending to the field a series of special communications covering detailed instruction in relation to this event. The Committee is also arranging to hold institutes in as many centers as possible to give definite help in the preparation of the festival music numbers.

Noble Cain Will Come to Salt Lake Again For June Meeting



NOBLE CAIN, CHICAGO

N OBLE Chicago, who made M. I. A. history as di-rector of the gigantic festival chorus during the June conference of 1932, has been secured to direct the second big Churchwide festival in June, 1934, it is announced today by the general boards.

The talented leader who won the love of the nearly three thousand singers in 1932 and the admiration of the thousands who packed the Tabernacle to capacity to hear the singers, was chosen to conduct the second such chorus by the unanimous vote of the joint general boards.

The second festival chorus, it is ex-

pected, will exceed the 3,000 mark and will be heard in concert in the Tabernacle on the Saturday evening of the June M. I. A. conference.

The announcement of Mr. Cain's selection as director and the plans being made to have members of the chorus sing under him for three days prior to the grand concert are expected to attract the attention of the hundreds of M. I. A. members in the wards of the Church who will make up the chorus next spring.

Sunday Evening Joint Program For April

- Song—"Come O, Thou King of Kings."
- Invocation.
- 3. Duet-"Come. Thou Glorious Day of Promise."
- 4. Reading from Doc. and Cov.

Note: It is suggested that it bear on the second coming of the Savior. Such a reading may be found in the 29th, 84th, or 88th Sec. reading should be assigned beforehand and throughly prepared and practiced.

- Song-"Lo! The Mighty God Appearing" (Choir or Chorus). Address—The Sacred Jubilee or
- The Messiah's Second Coming.

Note: Speaker should be notified in order that he may make a long and careful study of the subject. It may be well to follow the chronological course of events in relating this story. A brief outline may be as follows:

- a. The promise that the Savior would come in glory.
- b. The time of His coming, including the signs.
- "An angel will sound a trump both long and loud and all nations shall hear it and there shall be silence in Heaven for the space of half an hour, and immediately after shall the curtain of heaven be unfolded after it is rolled up, and the face of the Lord shall be unveiled and the Saints who are upon the Earth who are alive shall be quickened and caught up to meet Him and they who have slept in their graves shall come forth, for their

graves shall be opened and they shall be caught up to meet Him in the midst of the pillar of Heaven." (Doc. and Cov. 88: 95-96-97).

Among the hosts of Heavenly angels will be the ancient Apostles clothed in robes of righteousness and crowned with glory, who shall judge the righteous of Israel. (Doc. and Cov. 29.)

References: Doc. and Cov. 29:45-77-84-88, etc. Translation of Matt. 24th. Pearl of Great Price; Ready Reference-Bible, and Book of Mormon, 3rd Nephi; "Articles of Faith," Talmage, pages 371 to 376; "Jesus the Christ."

- Song—"The Day Dawn is Breaking"—Choir and Congregation.
 Benediction.

Grant Stake Adult Social

HOSTESSES received the guests and presented them with appropriate symbols, by which they grouped themselves for the evening. All persons of similar symbols formed groups to enter the contesting games later presented.

The evening commenced with community singing in which were introduced original songs composed particularly for the occasion. These were so clever and were led by such a successful leader that an hour slipped quickly away.

Large symbols matching the small ones given to individuals were placed on the walls at various intervals and here next the guests congregated in groups, making the discovery that each symbol had a name and was called a town or village. Here, too, the guests were greeted by a leader who numbered them ones and twos and through the contest work they were thus identified. The leader remained and instructed each new group as to the rules of the game, as they came to play.

Each group chose a member as their mayor and were then ready to commence the contests of the evening. The games were started and stopped by a whistle. The ones and twos were alternated so that no one played the



RIGBY 1ST WARD GOLD AND GREEN BALL

same game twice. Fourteen games were played during the evening, representing the fourteen wards of the stake.

When the games were played the mayor having the most punches on his symbol, winning the most games, was presented with candy for him and his

The guests then formed two lines and served themselves to cake and iccream. As they ate songs, readings, and a clever stunt were given. At the close of a happy evening, they all voted for another in 1934.—Reported by Wanda Kirkham, Adult Leader.

What Other Stakes

Are Doing

RIGBY STAKE

THE Gold and Green Ball of the First Ward, Rigby Stake, was a gala affair, and was attended by a capacity crowd. The beautiful recreation hall was appropriately decorated, the throne for the queen being particularly charming in its arrangement of gold and green.

LYMAN STAKE

One of the noteworthy points of the Mothers and Daughters' outing held in Lyman Stake was the presence of Mrs. Charles Walker and her six daughters, who won the prize as the largest family of M. I. A. age. Prizes also were awarded the oldest and the youngest mother present.

POCATELLO STAKE

The Gold and Green Ball of the Pocatello Stake was held Friday eve-



MRS. CHARLES WALKER AND HER SIX M. I. A. GIRLS, LYMAN STAKE



GOLD AND GREEN QUEENS, POCATELLO STAKE

ning, January 26, in the Dance Gardens. It was attended by around 1,800 people and was the most gorgeous, gala affair ever held in the history of this stake.

Éight queens were selected and presented to Mrs. Lillus Hill who reigned as Queen of Queens. The queens were presented with two attendants, and the ceremony was carried out in royal fashion. The hall was beautifully decorated with large Gold and Green banners hung around the walls, with an insignia on each—one for the Bee-Hive, Gleaners, Vanguards, M Men, Scouts, and M. I. A.

Six-foot square chandeliers were placed over the light and painted gold, which gave the hall a most pleasing effect and carried out in detail the gold trimmings. The queens wore beautiful gowns with long trains, and the stage was decorated beautifully with palms and flowers.

The Beloved Cinderella

(Continued from page 158)

reckon we'll have lunch. Here's Ma now. What you got—hot biscuits, Ma?"

Mrs. Binney nodded, greeting John. She had lost flesh, her round face had fallen into flabby lines, her eyes were restless; John noticed that her hands shook as she filled his plate. Pap looked at her keenly.

"Nothin' wrong, is there, Ma?" he asked kindly.

She started violently. "Ain't anything wrong!" she exclaimed sharply. "What you watchin' me for, 'Lisha Binney? I ain't—I ain't been stealin'!"

Pap's amazement was cut short by the telephone bell. He started. "Gosh!" he said good-naturedly, "between th' storm an' your snappin' at me, Ma, I kinder lost my

nerve. You answer it."
Mrs. Binney dropped into her

chair.
"'No, I won't!" she said weak-ly, shivering.

Mr. Binney rose and went to the telephone. John, trying not to listen, asked Mrs. Binney for another fried egg.

"You do them just right," he said.

She was pleased. "Ain't too brown?" she asked, helping him. "Pap likes em' hard an'—" she stopped, the spoon suspended, her lips apart for the first time.

Pap's startled voice rang out clearly. "Sure! You come straight home, honey. I don't know what you mean—ain't his daughter? My land, Stargrass! Come straight home, honey; I'll meet th' train—yes, sure!"

He hung up the receiver and turned, his face suddenly white.

"What in Jerusalem does she mean?" he gasped, looking from John to his wife and back again. aghast. "That was Star—little Stargrass! Sure, it was," he answered Mrs. Binney's negative exclamation. "She says she aint Blanchard's daughter at all. It's all a mistake, an' she's comin' home on th' twelve forty-seven; ought to be here 'round four o'clock—if she can get here at all."

John laid down his knife and

fork. "That train runs past Hanover Junction," he said quickly; "they told me at the station, an hour ago, that the drifts were piling up so there that the freight had backed down into the yards and was stalled. Call her up, Mr. Binney, stop her—I'll go up to town—if I can get there—."

Pap looked helplessly at the telephone. "She's hung up; couldn't hardly hear her anyways. She said she was at th' station—goin' to take th' train—soon as she could."

John was putting on his great coat. "I'll go down to the station; if she's started we'll—we'll get that train somewhere, storm or no storm!"

He was already at the door but Pap caught his arm. "Tell me," the old man was stern, "do you know anythin'? What does she me an—she ain't Blanchard's daughter?"

"God knows!" said John, then he caught at the old man's detaining hand and flung it aside. "Look at that storm—she's got to be mer!"

Still Pap did not seem to grasp (Continued on page 190)

A D U L T S





Culture On Budget

AMERICA has a 'culture budget'

"The Art Service bureau of the American Art Dealers' Association planned it so that 'Americans living under the high pressure of present day life will be able to enrich their minds without neglecting the enlargement of their bank accounts.'

"Thirty hours a month balances the bureau's 'culture budget,'—12 hours to literature, five hours to art, five hours to drama and eight hours to music.

"Specifically, the culture budgeteers

"Make one visit to a museum each month, 2 hours,

"Visit six art exhibitions at one-half

hour each, 3 hours.
"Hear two musical concerts or re-

citals, 4 hours.
"Listen to four radio classical pro-

grams, 4 hours.

"See two plays a month, 5 hours.

"Read one outstanding non-fiction work every two months biography.

work every two months, biography, memoirs or history, 5 hours. "Read one important modern novel

every two months, 3 hours.
"Reread one classic every two

months, 3 hours.

Read one volume of poetry every

two months, 1 hour.
"Total for one month, 30 hours.

"The development of culture, commented Otto M. Torrington, president of the association. Even if it is only lunch hour culture, will mean that no future economic slump can make the American business man feel so completely 'broke' as he feels today. Culture can be developed to the defeat of depression, to the detriment of dollar worship and to the fuller happiness of life.'

"The service bureau estimated the financial side of the budget at between \$9 and \$10 a month, this being for the plays, concerts and books."

This budget may neither fit your needs nor your circumstances. Each one of us must prescribe for himself and budget his own life—for spend it we must.

All of us, however, may benefit by resolving that during the year ahead we will enrich our lives:

- (1) By giving an adequate proportion of our time to the cultural side of life.
- (2) By learning how to select worthy replicas of good pictures and

To Live Means to Enjoy

ARE YOU ALIVE?

IFE for many of us is unnecessarily gloomy, grim, somber, dull. The good life is never stupid. There is "something the matter" with the good life if it is not also radiant.

We are robbing ourselves and our associates if we lack the will to find joyousness. "Awake to righteousness," really means to arouse our faculties to fuller perceptions of joy. Man is that he may develop fully all his faculties.

This process is life, eternal life—the supreme achievement made possible by divine gift—the greatest of all.

We live only as we grow in eternal graces. Merely to move about here does not mean progress. It is the direction of travel that counts.

An aimless or an effortless existence are little better than a base existence. All are lifeless—void of the vital essence of eternal life, joy, advancement.

We are in eternity now, surrounded by limitless opportunities to project ourselves other than we are now.

Infinite potentialities, gifts and graces of mind and heart and soul invite discovery within us and fall for expression and exploitation without.

Infinite depths and heights bid us live life here and now—bid us become divine.

Constant Effort
means constant Discovery,
Constant Discovery
means constant Growth,
Constant Growth
means constant Progress,
Constant Progress
means Eternal Life,
Eternal Life
means Eternal Jou.

sculptures for constant companionship in our homes.

(3) By the acquirement of a taste for good music, poetry, and other literature

(4) By some travel each year to places rich in culture and romance.

(5) By setting aside some time each day to watch cloud and star and sunset, to study birds, and to enjoy nature generally.

(6) By quiet reflection, meditation and looking up to the heights of life.

Are You Color Blind?

HOW many colors are there in a mud hole? "Seventeen," says one artist.

While still a member of England's War Council, Winston Churchill took a "joy ride in a paint-box," and now urges other adults to try the experiment of painting as a hobby. He says:

"And this is a tremendous new pleasure and interest which invests every walk or drive with an added object. So many colors on the hillside, each different in shadow and in sunlight; such brilliant reflections in the pool, each a key lower than what they repeat; such lovely lights gliding or silvering surface or outline, all tinted exquisitely with pale color, rose, orange, green or violet. I found myself instinctively, as I walked, noting the tint and character of a leaf, the dreamy purple shades of mountains, the exquisite lacery of winter branches, the dim pale silhou-ettes of far horizons. And I had lived for over forty years without ever noticing any of them, except in a general way, as one might look at a crowd and say, 'What a lot of people'."

One of our M. I. A. Adult members, who is making "a dab at it" and thoroughly enjoying it, kindly furnished a list in answer to the query, "Does it cost much for materials to get started?" The list will be published next month.

Adults and Seniors

Join Socially THE social affair arranged by the Adult and Senior classes of the 3rd Ward in Spanish Fork proved to be most pleasant, in spite of the fact that many adults had appeared so socially timid as to make the success of the event doubtful. Under the leadership of a few, all members soon had forgotten their imagined timidity and joined in the games whole-heartedly. Dancing of an older day was a feature, followed by a plate lunch. Eighty were present, including Bishopric and wives, Stake leaders and visitors. Two members, both past 75 years of age, expressed the hope that such parties would occur frequently. We are learning more every day that the Church provides all that goes to make up an abundant life.





Leaders, Now is the Time

T EADERS: Now is the time to pick up all loose ends in our Department and round out our program so that we may bring our season's work to a successful close later on.

The spring of the year brings renewed energy, invites us to greater activity and to a firm determination to finish our work with colors flying. Examine topics still to be discussed and assign them far enough ahead to allow for careful intelligent preparation. Go over the remaining events in your Recreation Program. Choose those you wish to feature. Select committees and instruct them to make each event outstanding in its excellence. Let's have no anti-climax. Not exhaustion but greater strength and power to do should characterize the end of each effort. That is the law of progression.

A note of caution-we are depending on our fine leaders to so guide and control discussion as to avoid or prevent any sort of radical propaganda; and to see that no poorly thought out idea be allowed to pass, but work until all ideas are clearly and intelligently stated. Then with the light of the teachings of the Master and the teachings of the Gospel in our own day brought to bear on the subject both members and leaders may formulate an opinion of their own, that will enable them to act intelligently where action is necessary and to talk intelligently on the subject even though no action be possible.

HOW about your hobby? Have you ridden it to death or has it died of neglect in some out of the way corner of your mind? Or have you ridden it well so that your eyes are sparkling with delight and your heart singing because of the lovely trips you have made on the nag? Will nobody answer our query?

The Modern Corporation and Private Property

By Adolph A. Berle and Augustus C. Means

MacMillan and Co., Publishers, 1933 ORPORATIONS first made their appearance in the business world joint stock trading Companies" in the 17th century in England and Holland, where many merchant empires were built upon enterprises of a corporate character.

In the United States this type of enterprise first made its appearance along about 1800; and the first ones so organized were Utility Corporations of a quasi-public character. Later,

manufacturing enterprise took on the corporate form.

As time went on the corporation idea grew because it was possible through the medium of the corporation to unite the capital and recources of many individuals in the promotion of larger and larger undertakings. The corporation idea was splendidly adapted to the growth of modern enterprise, and helped it along rapidly. In our day the corporation type is predominant; virtually all business, all enterprise is conducted under it.

It was inevitable, therefore, that as time went on, some of these corporations should grow to mammoth size and become all-powerful; also that they should become problems for Govern-ment. If one follows events as they are happening he will note that these larger corporations are causing much concern in this day of our depression when every phase of our community life is coming under scrutiny; they are potentially dangerous because of the tremendous power they are able to wield, and also because they can, and do often, defy control.

Originally corporations were both controlled and managed by their owners-the stock being in the possession of those who managed them. The Ford Company of today is of this type, where all the stock is held in one family. But generally speaking, the present day corporation, notably the larger ones, are owned by hundreds or thousands, and sometimes even hundreds of thousands of stockholders, scattered all over the face of the earth, while their active management is confined to a few individuals, representing in many cases, only a minute fraction of the real ownership.

It is quite possible that the rapid growth and tremendous size of a few of our national corporations has had some part in bringing about the present economic conditions; at least some prominent economists think so. The corporation therefore, as a phase of our national business life, needs to be care-

fully studied.
"Two hundred great corporations dominate American industry. What is their nature? Who controls them? And how is it done? What does this mean to the investor? the business man? the State?" "The rise of the modern corporation has brought a concentration of economic power which can compete on equal terms with the modern state-economic power versus The state seeks in political power. some aspects to regulate the corporations, while the corporations make

every effort to avoid such regulation. Where its own interests are concerned, it even attempts to dominate the state. The future may see the economic organism, now typified by the corporation, not only on an equal plane with the state, but possibly superseding it as the dominant form of social organization.'

W. Z. Ripley, Professor of Political Economy in Harvard University, comments on this work as follows:

This book is not the screed of uninformed radicals or of students sitting apart in bookish cubicles: nor is it a wholesale condemnation of things as they are * * * It is a noteworthy contribution."

This book should prove of great interest and value to those who are students of present day conditions and who want to know why things are as they are.

PRIMARILY I took exercise because I liked it. Play should never interfere with work; and a life devoted merely to play is, of all forms of existence, the most dismal.

"But the joy of life is a very good thing, and while work is the essential in it, play also has its place.'

IT is the kind of success which is open to the average man of sound body and fair mind, who has no remarkable mental or physical endowments, but who gets just as much as possible (in the way of work) out of the aptitudes that he does possess. It is the only kind of success that is open to most of us."

T is impossible to earn the great prizes of life without running risks, and the greatest of all prizes are those connected with the home. No father and mother can hope to escape sorrow and anxiety, and there are dreadful moments when death comes very near those we love, even if for the time being it passes by. But life is a great adventure, and the worst of all fears is the fear of living. There are many forms of success; many forms of triumph. But there is no other success that in any shape or form approaches that which is open to most of the many, many men and women who have right ideals. These are the men and women who see that it is the intimate and homely things that count most. They are the men and the women who have the courage to strive for the happiness which comes only with labor and effort and selfsacrifice. And only to those whose joy in life springs in part from power of work, and sense of duty."-Theodore Roosevelt.



THE personality of Jesus is the subject to be discussed in the M Men-Gleaner joint meeting for the month of April. The manual lesson is entitled "The Great Personality" and is largely a series of quotations from the book, "The Man of Galilee," by George R. Wendling, and gives us a beautiful word picture of the Savior.

The purpose in including this lesson in the course of study was to furnish an idea-a personality to which every one might aspire. If then, "Personality is the sum total of our social behavior," should we not then review in this lesson those characteristics, attitudes, habits and principles which governed and made perfect the life of this Man of Galilee?

He was a humble man, born of humble parentage amidst humble surroundings. In His ministry He chose as His disciples men who came from lowly stations in life. His personality, therefore, portrayed a calmness of demeanor and an intense love for His fellowmen; especially the lowly in spirit and those who were in need of comfort and help.

His life beautifully exemplified that sereneness and sureness of purpose that is characteristic of a strong personality. His early experience with temptation; the manner in which He disposed of Lucifer's proposals; the strength and courage with which He emerged from those difficult situations, all constituted a refining influence that made possible in Him the self-mastery that was necessary for the accomplishment of the work that lay before Him.

It is suggested that members of the class be given assignments to present in three or four minute talks some of the outstanding experiences of the Savior, and to relate briefly the stories contained in such parables as "The Prodigal Son," and "The Good Samaritan.

The personality of the Savior is beautifully shown in the great truths which He taught in "The Sermon on the



M MEN-GLEANER BALL AND BANQUET, YELLOWSTONE STAKE

Mount." Its reading in the class might prove interesting and beneficial. Reference should also be made to the final experience of Jesus at the crucifixion, when tormented by His enemies and suffering untold agony, He gave expression to those immortal words, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." The presentation of this lesson, with the short talks to be given and the discussion that should arise therefrom, should make this one of the most interesting and valuable lessons of the course.

M Men-Gleaner Banquets SUMMIT STAKE

NE of the most enjoyable events of the fall M. I. A. season was the Annual Banquet and Harvest Ball of the M Men and Gleaners of this stake. It was attended by over three hundred people, who were delighted with the spirit of the occasion. The tables were decorated with the M. I. A. colors green and gold-and with fall flowers; aeroplanes of gold and green were the favors. After a pleasing program and election of officers the ball was held in a beautifully decorated hall, finishing one of red letter events of the M. I. A. so far this year.

LETHBRIDGE STAKE

Delightful in every particular was the Banquet and Ball of the Lethbridge Stake M Men and Gleaners. The long tables were beautifully arranged, and a program of singing, introductions, toasts and more music preceded the dance, at which the Gold and Green Tango-Waltz contest dance for the current year, was demonstrated; the prize was a subscription to the Improvement Era. Good music and a generally happy atmosphere pervaded the occasion. which was enjoyed by all who participated.

YELLOWSTONE STAKE

The first annual banquet of the M Men and Gleaners of the Yellowstone Stake was held at Ashton, Idaho. The banquet was attended by more than two hundred M Men and Gleaners and

"Cheer in Personality," the theme, was carried out effectively in the decorations and program. The tables were decorated in yellow and gold with candles adding cheer to the occasion.

The Stake M Men Supervisor acted as Master of Ceremonies and a ward supervisor acted as Toast Master. Toasts, music and the spirit of cheer made the evening an outstanding success. The meal was followed by a candle lighting ceremony. The candles, cleverly made into favors, added to the feeling of cheer and good fellow-

After the banquet the remainder of the evening was spent in dancing.

Grant Stake Gleaners Hold Banquet

PHE largest Gleaner banquet in the history of Grant Stake was held last spring at the Elks Club. Three hundred and seventy-five Gleaner Girls and teachers entered the gateway to the "Trail of Happiness" which was the theme of the evening.

The tables were attractively decorated by miniature trails. Along the trails were represented the "Spring of Health," the "Grove of Contentment," and each of the eight long tables was centered by a "House of Happiness."

The placecards were miniature Bluebirds of Happiness." Each bluebird held in its beak a white slip containing a girl's name. A blue ribbon led from the bluebird to the center of the table, where corsages were banked along the trail.

The platform was arranged to represent a grove on the Trail of Happiness. It was carpeted by thick, luxurious grass, and ferns and flowers formed a very pleasing background. On either side, canaries warbled and chirped their joy and pleasure on this happy occa-

NO matter how you work it you ought to start figuring how you can get back to Salt Lake for the M. I. A. Conference in June. It gives you a different light on the whole situation. The Torch ought at least to make the officers of Salt Lake realize that the Church is organized farther south than Murray and farther the other way than the University Ward on 13th East-The Torch, Los Angeles Stake M Men and Gleaners.



GRANT STAKE GLEANERS

GLEANER GIRLS

STATE OF THE STATE



THE value of our keepsakes comes from their association with outstanding days in our lives, or in the lives of those we love or revere. The division of Keepsakes and Customs is more than a catalog of the articles in our Treasure Chest. In it we tell the story of each keepsake and preserve a record of the customs of the past. The memory pictures of past days have clearer lines when something tangible still exists.

Our Family Keepsake

IN 1848, the mother-in-law of Martin Harris, one of the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon, made a bed spread. She wove it of blue and white cotton thread. In the picture taken June, 1932, one end of the bed spread is folded back to show that on one side the design is white and the ground work blue, while on the opposite side the colors are reversed. The whole pattern is made up of several different designs, and in each corner can be seen the Nauvoo Temple. Just over it, the date, 1848, is woven in. The spread shows that it has been used extensively in the homes of my people, but is still well preserved, as the designs are very clear in most of the spread.

Julia Lacotha Harris was a grand-daughter of the lady who wove the spread and she married my grandfather, Walter O. Davis. As a keepsake, it has been handed down from one to another until it is now in the possession of my mother, Alvaretta Harmon Davis of Sugar City, Idaho.

BEDSPREAD KEEPSAKE, 1848

This keepsake of the family seems to link us up with the days of the Prophet Joseph Smith and therefore is a valued treasure.—Alvaretta Davis Ryeting.

Mother

By Magdalene Schulthess, A Gleaner
WANT to be nobler, kinder, more true:

I want each day to grow more like you.
To be of good service to someone each day
To be worthy of you. And now let me

You're wonderful just as you are my dear, I'd not have you change, not a bit, for fear

You'd not be the same, a Wonderful Mother;

Then what would I do, I could not have another,
For there is no other like YOU.

A Pair of Scissors

COMPANY of Saints were well started on their toilsome journey across the plains. One evening about sunset, just as camp was being formed, a small child ventured forth and walked around near the camp. After a few moments she came eagerly back and presented a large pair of scissors, measuring about six inches long, with extremely wide blades, approximately three-fourths of an inch wide. The child had found the scissors during her walk near the camp. Something that did not interest her, but which was of great interest to her parents and others of the company, was the simple word "Faith" on the scissors. It put new hope and courage into the hearts of the Saints, and they journeyed on with light hearts and faces lifted up to God in prayer and faith.

The scissors were found by my grandmother, E. Virginia Killian Curtis, and have always been used in our family. My great grandmother used them for many years and then they were used by my grandmother and by my mother.—Attested by my grandmother, E. Virginia Killian Curtis; Mother, Ina Curtis Holladay; Gleaner Girl, Ruby Holladay.

A Sampler

THIS sampler, made in 1844 by my Grandmother Margaret Griffiths (Thain), when she was just eleven years of age, is a priceless keepsake in our family.

School in Tenby, South Wales, in the eighteen hundreds was very different from our present day schools in America. In those days all girls were re-

quired to take needle work. They began very young to learn to sew. This sampler shows the excellent training Grandmother must have received and the almost perfect work she did.

The sampler is made on very fine scrim, almost as fine as linen and is of a light tan color. The work is of extraordinarily fine cross stitches so fine that they are not easily seen with the naked eye. The entire sampler is worked in various shades of green, tan and brown.

With the exception of the castle at the bottom, all the figures are taken from nature; birds, trees, and baskets of flowers. A border incloses all the work.

The poem on this sampler reads:

Jesus permit thy Gracious Name to stand

As the first Efforts of an infant's hand And while her fingers, O'er this Canvas move

Engage her tender Heart to seek thy Love

With thy Dear Children let her share

a part And Write thy Name thy self upon her Heart.

Just below this is worked: 18 Margaret Griffiths 44 Aged 11 Years

Tenby School
This canvas measures seventeen by
thirteen inches.

This sampler was brought from South Wales to my grandmother in 1861, by her mother, Elizabeth Shears Griffiths.—Margaret Sorenson, Salt Lake Stake Gleaner Leader.



SAMPLER MADE IN 1844

JUNIOR GIRLS





My Story—Lest I Forget

ARE Junior Girls all over the Church finding the joy there is hidden in the heart of the major project? To gather their thoughts together clearly enough to put them down on paper is, in itself, a joyous thing; and to find facts of history and romance and genealogical import to put down is inex-

pressibly satisfying.

The girls of fifteen and sixteen have lived, perhaps, only a fourth of a life-time, or so. What are they doing to make these care-free, thrilling years lasting? What will they have to take from them into the future? A dance program has in it power to carry its owner back twenty years to an en-chanted night when the party-dress was new, the slippers were her first, and the date was with the best looking boy in school; even to recreate the heavy fragrance of flowers or the sound of a long forgotten melody. How desirable, then, that every girl should keep a record of every hour in her life which she might wish to live over again! And how vital that she should gather up loose ends of the stories of those she loves-brothers, missionaries in the family, parents, and friends, that they too will become a tangible part of the memories she is saving on the written page for the future.

And the little Junior Girl who feels so young today, and so far from the serious things of life, will find herself, before she can believe it, a married woman with a daughter or two of her own. When they get old enough to ask, "Mother, what kind of party dresses did they wear when you were a girl?" how companionable and sweet for her to have a book to open, containing the description of every important dress she ever had; every important person she had in her life; every important event. Then the years will melt away magically, and she will be

a girl again with her girls.

If not for herself or her teacher or her class, encourage every Junior Girl to write her story for her someday daughter. Encourage her to put into permanent form everything vital—lest she forget!

Building a Life

FAITH

WHAT do Junior Girls think of when they hear the word "Faith"? To the Pioneers it meant especially one thing—faith in their religion and the leaders of the Church.

Do the girls today examine their hearts to find and measure the faith they have in God, in Joseph Smith as a Prophet, and in the leaders who have followed the Prophet down the century?

How much faith have they in themselves? Would they make the sacrifices their grandparents made, if necessary, for the Gospel? Would they make the simple sacrifices of today, if the great ones were not required of them? Tell them the story of the girl who worked hard to earn and save money to take her mother to Europe; who, because she never had enough saved, became bitter about it. And all the while there were canyons near by, and a river, and a park, and she might have taken her mother on a thousand lovely afternoon trips, but she never thought of that. If she could not do the big things she had planned, she would do nothing. Is that real faith? Has it any connection with the statement: "Faith without works is dead?"

How much faith has a girl in her friends; in her country; in her school? Is patriotism a form of faith? Is school-loyalty? Is friendship?

What sort of a world would we have without faith? What sort of present? What kind of future?

PRAYER

Read "Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire," from the Sunday School song book. Because prayer may be many things, does it follow that we need not engage in formal prayer, kneeling, and with humility in our hearts?

Can a real prayer be insincere? Dr. Richard Cabot says not, for the one to whom we pray knows what we are thinking as well as what we say; so before him we must speak nothing but the more sincere thoughts of our inmost hearts. Is it right to pray for specific things, and be disappointed if they are not granted; or should we pray for the right thing, no matter what the result to us? The prayer, "make me strong against success and wealth and victory" is one worth thinking about.

Book Review

IF you are following the suggested activities according to our Calendar you will now be thinking about the "Book Review Evening." One of our Stake Leaders suggests Mother Carey's Chickens told in the method sometimes used over the radio. Have the story told up to an interesting scene that lends itself to dramatization and have that part dramatized by the girls. Several

scenes could be enacted, thus giving the whole group a chance to take part. Costuming would add to the interest of the dramatized parts, and could be done without 'expense. The story teller must be as well prepared as the scenes that are enacted to keep up the interest. Other books adaptable in this way are A White Bird Flying and A Lantern in Her Hand.

We also refer you to the suggestion made in the supplement to our Manual.

Junior Activities in Mill Creek Ward

WE, the thirty active Juniors from Mill Creek Ward, last year adopted as our slogan the words of President Grant found in *The Improvement Era*, "All the teaching in the world, unless the individual is living that which he teaches, will not carry the spirit of right action." We are endeavoring to let the lessons in our Manual react in our daily lives.

During the past year we sponsored various activities which added interest to our class. A basketball team which we organzied within our class afforded lively activity and competition with a Junior Girl's basketball team from another ward. After several weeks' practice, we met together for a final game. Five cents admitted anyone to the game. The proceeds were divided between the two teams and used for our Junior Stake party.

Each Tuesday night different members of our class took turns weaving awall hanging. The background is black with a white "J" for Junior in the center. We left this as a souvenir from our class. In the black background we wove in many undesirable habits. In the white "J" we have brought to light those qualities which afford mutual development.

Several members of our class had their Patriarchal blessings, for we considered the chapter, "My Privileges Under the Covenant," one of the most important in our "Lest I Forget" book, because of the comfort and guidance we can obtain from a Patriarchal blessing.

Many homes have been visited in an effort to secure temple names for baptism. We performed work for 594

These and other activities promoted a feeling of unity among the members of our class, and we hope our work has armed us with additional mettle which will enable us to encounter danger and difficulties with firmness; that we may eventually emerge into a valley of everlasting happiness.

VANGUARDS





Oyster Supper Served Tyhee Vanguards

DECKED out in new Vanguard sweaters members of the Tyhee (North Pocatello) ward Vanguard troop were guests of the troop committee and Vanguard Leader at the annual dinner held recently. Members of the Bishopric, the presidency of the Y. M. M. I. A. and the Sunday School superintendency were invited as special guests. An oyster supper was served.

During the course of the evening the Vanguards adopted a set of standards to guide all members of the troop. The standards are: 1. That no member of the troop shall take the name of God in vain. 2. That all members are to keep the Word of Wisdom. 3. That each boy presenting himself for membership must pledge himself for membership must pledge himself for membership must pledge himself to secrept and live according to the troop standards before being accepted into the troop and being given the privilege of wearing the Vanguard sweater.

Scout Executive D. C. Watkins of the Eastern Idaho Area Council and Dr. Ray J. Davis, Area Commissioner were present and participated in the ceremonies. Alma Pratt, chairman of the Vanguard troop committee acted as master of ceremonies and presented the standards to the boys for their acceptance. Each person present pledged himself to adopt the standards of the troop.

All troop members, the leader and all members of the troop committee have been supplied with the official Vanguard sweater, being the first troop in the council to be thus equipped. William Brisco and William Stewart are members of the troop committee and Aarus Warren is the Vanguard Leader.

THIS arrow head pictured here was made and photographed by Mr. Hansen, a great lover of Indian lore, who lives in Mink Creek, Idaho.



The Voice of the Arrow Head

By Christian Hansen

I'M just a little Arrow Head— Once I was made to kill But in this peaceful, modern age I seek to bring good will. The Red Men think me out of date—A weapon, I am not.

I hope the Vanguards in the land Will have the self-same thought.

Pleasant Grove Vanguards Celebrate

VANGUARDS of Pleasant Grove First Ward of Timpanogos Stake recently celebrated with a chicken dinner in much the same manner as their older brothers, the M Men celebrated in the past. The dinner was furnished and prepared by the boys at home and



PLEASANT GROVE, TIMPANOGOS STAKE, VANGUARD BANQUET

taken to the banquet hall. The menu included fried chicken, sandwiches, potato chips, ice cream and cake. A Vanguard acted as master of ceremonies. Thirty guests enjoyed the program. The Vanguards of the ward are under the leadership of Orville L. Larsen and Joseph Hanson.

Cache Valley Council Issues Effective Bulletin

THE Cache Valley Council Vanguard Committee has recently issued a bulletin to leaders that embodies the complete Vanguard program with suggestions for enlivening the study and activity programs and aiding the leader to be more efficient. The bulletin contains so many excellent suggestions that it is reprinted here for the benefit of Vanguard leaders throughout the Church.

CACHE DISTRICT VANGUARD LEADERS' BULLETIN, JANUARY, 1934

The January Program

1st: At least 50% attendance of your troop at Court of Honor.

2nd: Full attendance of your troop committee, leaders and assistant leaders at Annual Dinner Meeting B. S. A. 3rd: Talk up the Mobilization Day, Saturday, February 10th, of which we will send you details soon.

4th: Begin working for the 1934 Roosevelt Award by continuing the drive on registration and pushing the advancement program.

5th: Plan your troop program ahead.

Suggestions for the Troop Program.

1. Merit Badge Study: This is the kernel of the Vanguard program. Here lie the vitamins that will make for real success in your troop. Let's not stuff our troops on the "Trimmings" of the program and neglect the bone and sinew building vitamins.

2. Out of Doors: Skiing, skating, hockey: sports that are so seasonable to keep your boys from losing interest.

to keep your boys from losing interest.

3. Vanball: Please report scores of games promptly to "Tony" Sorenson, phone 702. Arrange early for the dates of your games. This month completes the district program for this activity. A "round robin" for the four top teams may be arranged for the end of the month. Probable date of council finals, Feb. 17th. Grand finals in Salt Lake City, Feb. 23rd and 24th.

4. Story Telling: This will "take" with the boys if you make it informal and neglect to mention the content until they get interested. Try one of the chapters of "Hidden Heroes of the Rockies," the reading course book once in a while.

in a while.

5. Archery: Are your boys working on equipment?

6. Civic Service: Watch for opportunities for the troop good turn. President Roosevelt will make a request for service on "Mobilization Day."

7. Legend of the Arrowhead: A project worthwhile for the boys of your troop who like photography, art, and record keeping.

8. Camp Equipment: The pack rack is our project for this month. Every boy and leader should make or have one. This in preparation for a successful summer camp program. You will need this especially this summer.

9. Vanguard Leaders' Minute: This needs thoughtful preparation. Make it ir inspirational but don't make it "preachy" by stopping to explain the "moral" of your story.

HAVE you read the 1933-34 Reading Course Books: "John Jacob Astor," by Smith: "Two Little Savages," by Ernest T. Seaton; Hidden Heroes of the Rockies," by Russell Driggs?

S C O U T S



The Boy, His Nature and His Needs

By Philo T. Farnsworth

No. II. INFANCY, CHILDHOOD AND PRE-ADOLESCENCE

Editor's Comment: This is the second of a series of articles being written to acquaint "Leaders of Boys" with the best information and source material available on the subject of the growth and factors of development of the boy.

THERE has been made some most excellent progress and advancement in child study during the past twenty years. Our insight, however, is still very far from complete, especially as concerns the growth of mind.

As adults we are oft times guilty of what is called 'the psychologist's fal-lacy' when we attribute our own state of mind to others, particularly children, whenever they perform the same acts that we do.

It is well to not ascribe adult motives to childhood activities. It is better to consider childhood and adolescence as a time of simpler personality which is in the process of organizing, adapting, and integrating new experience into knowledge, skills and attitudes which may later characterize the mature personality.

The process of growth and development from birth to maturity is better interpreted as gradual and continuous rather than as sudden and periodic with distinct breaks with the past.

For the purpose of presenting information relative to growth and development of boys five general groupings from birth to maturity are made. They are: Infancy, Childhood, Pre-Adolescence, Puberty, and Post-Puberty.

It should be kept in mind that these periods are generally not sharply marked at their boundaries in either time or traits developed. Some individuals pass through a given stage more rapidly than others and so the classification is but a rough approximation.

This discussion attempts to summarize the facts of growth and development during infancy, childhood and pre-adolescence.

The young of the human family are most helpless of all babies. There is an extended period of infancy during which much care and assistance must be given before the baby develops sufficiently to aid in self-direction. This period of dependence upon older members extends a number of years beyond that required of other young.

This extended infancy is thought to be due to the nature of the higher nerve centers and the complexity of action made possible by them. It is a mark of possible greater intelligence and adaptation

The young infant must not be thought of as a small edition of an adult. It is not an adult in miniature. At birth it has certain possibilities inherent in the quality of cells with which it is endowed. There are certain inherent reflexes. These native qualities do determine to some extent the speed of learning and adaptation.

At birth there are sense organs and nerve endings ready to receive the myriad stimuli which surround the baby. The reflexes are stimulated, the nervous system reacts to this stimulation and soon by the learning process more complex patterns of behavior called habits are formed. The fundamental habits of eating, sleeping and elimination are soon acquired.

The learning process goes forward. The child learns to see, to hear, handle, walk, comprehend and talk and early in life has acquired a countless number of habits fundamental to the art of living. Many personal—social behavior attitudes have also been acquired

This child of pre-school age has perhaps developed faster physically than it will in any other six years of life. It has acquired many basic habits and attitudes that may help or hinder its growth and development a considerable time before entering school.

During the next three or four years of childhood from about 6 to 9 or 10 years of age society has planned for the teaching of some fundamental adaptations. In this period of time the child should acquire the handwriting, reading and primary social adaptations of the race.

Physical growth is still rapid and the boy is susceptible to the many childhood diseases.

Intellectually the boy of this age has keen perception, a good memory, is curious, has an active imagination, imitates adult actions, and is strongly suggestible.

From a social point of view the boy may be pugnacious and may rebel against restraint. He may lie and steal due to unestablished social habits of truth and regard for property. In his moral and religious aspect of life the boy of this age is beginning to sense responsibility for his own acts, however, parents largely set the standards of right and wrong and right doing is due to emulation and fear of the consequence.

Between the years of early childhood (6 to 8 or 9) and those of later childhood or pre-adolescence (9 to 12 or 13) there are no obvious breaks and yet

there is a transition.

Physical growth has slowed down considerably and there is a restlessness and pulsing energy. The co-ordination of muscles is good and there exists a general demand for out of doors activities.

From an intellectual point of view the boy in this period of growth and development has an excellent memory, but power of sustained attention is weak. The power of reasoning is developing rapidly and imagination has taken a practical turn. Perceptual powers and suggestibility continue to be strong as in the previous period. Will power is developing and the boy asserts himself. Imitation of adults is very marked.

In this period there is an awakened sense of altruism. The boy becomes more socially inclined and is less selfish and pugnacious. A sense of property rights is growing and love of order increases.

The boy of this age assumes a contoward Deity. Purity and obedience with a keen sense of honor and fair play are the moral attitudes of boys in the pre-adolescent period. They emulate heroes and strong personalities which they contact.

It is possible for bad environment, books, pictures and companions to warp the social and moral trends of growth. It may be that evil habits, fears and superstitions can nullify the fruitful possibilities at this stage of development. Here can easily start the contributing causes which terminate in a life of delinquency and deflective personality.

These are the boys for whom the Trail Builders Program, Cubbing and early phases of the Boy Scout Program were designed. Later we shall attempt to evaluate these boy programs in the light of boy nature and needs.

Reading Course Book

"Hidden Heroes of the Rockies," by Russell Driggs.





The Spirit of the Hive BY ETHEL WRIGHT, Toronto, Canada

CHARACTERS: Margaret, Helen and Gertie, and Bee-Hive Swarm.

DRESS: Margaret, Bee-Hive Outfit; Gertie and Helen, Traveling Suits. SETTING: Room in 1930. Framed graduation certificate on wall. Table set for three, everything in perfect order, flowers, etc. Desk with scrapbook, first aid kit, bottle of fruit and jelly, Bee-Hive book, triangular and roller bandage, symbol worked out (all the girl's symbols.) Divan and a little footstool.

(As curtain rises Margaret is seen

arranging flowers on table.)

MARGARET (Stopping and looking at watch): They will be here any minute now. (Starts walking towards graduation certificate. A knock is heard at the door.) Oh, there they are now.

HELEN: Hello, old dear.

kisses her.)

GERTIE (Takes hold of her hands and looks at her suit and then turns her around): What outfit is this you

MARGARET: This is my Bee-Hive outfit, and I just got home from Swarm Day and haven't had time to change

HELEN: Bee-Hive! Swarm Day! How long since you turned into a bee? MARGARET (Smiles, pats her hand): Come and take your wraps

off. (They take hat and coats off and Margaret puts them on a hanger and hangs them up.)

(Gertie walks around the room and notices the certificate on the wall.) GERTIE (Standing in front of cer-tificate): What is this, Margaret?

MARGARET: That is a graduation certificate from one of the greatest organizations for girls in the world.

GERTIE: Is it a club or like the Camp Fire Girls?

MARGARET: Come and sit down and I'll tell you about it. (They come

and sit around Margaret.)

MARGARET: In seeking a program for girls of our age, the aims and pur-poses of the Camp Fire Girls in America and the Girl Guides in England were investigated by the General Board of Y. L. M. I. A. and the Board recognized the value of this program. Dr. Luther H. Gulick, president of the Camp Fire Girls of America, was communicated with, and he thought it advisable not to join with them, as we wished to teach our own religion. Dr. Gulick thought we had an excellent program and that article on symbolism in our hand book is a classic.

HELEN: What do you mean by a symbol?

MARGARET: A symbol is an emblem of an ideal just the same as flags are symbols of nations and stand for the ideal of those nations. (Gets up and goes to desk and picks up Bee-Hive Symbol and stands at desk facing audience.) As soon as you enter the Bee-Hive organization you choose an ideal of the kind of a girl that you want to be and then you choose the symbol that represents the ideal. My Bee-Hive name is Doseve and it means love. See, we make practical use of our symbols. (Picks up article and the girls run over and look at it and exclaim how pretty

HELEN: Margaret, we met your mother in the garden on our way here and she told us that you had canned and preserved fruit this year.

GERTIE (Standing at the table, picks up jar of fruit): Did you make this?
MARGARET: Yes, I did and filled a cell in the field of home.

GERTIE: How beautiful the table

MARGARET (Goes over to table): Yes, at the right of the plate one inch from edge of the table, place the knives needed for the meal having the cutting edge of the knife towards the plate and the knife to be used first farthest from the plate. At the right of the knives place the spoons needed, the bowls upward. Place the same as the knives, the first to be used the farthest away. At the left of the plate place the forks, tines upward. Place in the same order designated for the knives. Place napkin to left of forks with the opening of fold toward plate. Place the water glass at the point of the knife. Place the individual bread and butter plates to the left of fork. The salad dish should be placed above the main plate and a sauce dish for a vegetable above the spoons.

HELEN (Rapturously): Where did you learn how?

MARGARET: In Bee-Hive of course, filling a cell.

HELEN: Is all your work just in

the home?

MARGARET (Goes to the desk and picks up Bee-Hive book and turns to the cells): No, our work takes in everything. We have what we call seven fields or twenty-seven structural cells to build upon after our nine foundation cells. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all things shall be added unto you." So our Religion comes first, then our Home. God has given us these bodies and we want to

return them as clean as they were given to us so we study the field of health. The Domestic Art field is next where we learn to beautify our home. The field of Out-of-Doors is studied mostly taking hikes and as we climb we name the kinds of grasses and flowers, rocks, the stars and planets.
HELEN: Is that all of your fields?

MARGARET: No. then comes the Field of Business. The spirit of the hive is prudent and thrifty and the Bee-Hive stands for industry. And then the seventh field is Public Service. Because we desire to live as long as the world itself in those that come (Closes book and lays it on after.'' the desk.)

GERTIE: What do you do with

all the things that you gather?
MARGARET (Picks up Honeycomb): I will show you. (Turns the pages of the book slowly and explains.

HELEN: I like this idea very much. MARGARET (At desk picks up First-Aid Kit): This is what we are going to take with us on our hike this summer. (Girls go over and examine things.)

We went on a hike last GERTIE: summer and we had several accidents and we didn't have anything with us and wouldn't of known how to use it if we'd had one, so we had to come home

MARGARET: In Bee-Hive we learn how to use a First-Aid Kit and know just what do do in case of emergencies. HELEN: Last summer my little

brother hurt his hand and you know just couldn't make a bandage stay on. MARGARET: Did you try a trian-

gular bandage? HELEN: No, I do not know what kind of a bandage that is.

MARGARET: I'll tie you one so that you'll know next time. (Takes bandage and ties Helen's hand.) And if you just want to wrap your finger why use a roller bandage or hand-aid. (Ties a roller bandage on her finger and then rolls the bandage off again.)

HELEN: I wish that I had learned as much as you have this winter.

GERTIE: So do I. Margaret, please tell us more.

Margaret: I will tell you one more thing and then you must come to class and find out the rest for yourselves.

HELEN: May we attend the class without being a member of your

MARGARET: Most certainly, everyone is welcome to our swarm who wants to come.

GERTIE: I'm coming then. (Continued on page 192)

M. I. A. ACCOMPLISHMENTS DURING DECEMBER, 1933

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M. I. A. ACCOMPLISHMENTS DURING DECEMBER, 1933

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That! Dress

(Continued from page 135)

you soil those pretty little hands? Listen," Dr. Sheldon beamed. "I'll tell you a way you can pay off this debt this evening and get it off your mind. An easy way too. Come on a little party with me."

Come on a little party with me."
"A party?" Jacqueline's voice
quavered in surprise.

"Yes, we could go somewhere and dance."

"Oh, do you dance?" the tone of Jacqueline's question was certainly not flattering, but Dr. Sheldon didn't seem to mind. He looked so old to Jacqueline, and so safe. After a mere second's hesitation she consented. It would be an easy way to pay off her account with him. She was to meet him at the Drug Store at 9:30.

Jacqueline was powdering her nose in the waiting room—there was no one there. Suddenly in the mirror she saw the Doctor just behind her. "Let me hold your coat," he purred. As Jacqueline slipped into it he folded the coat around her close.

"You little rogue you!" he cried, leaning over to plant a moist kiss on her mouth. Humiliation, anger, disgust fought for mastery as she made a quick exit. "Fool, fool," she cried if "Fool, fool," she cried hall and she meant herself, not the Doctor. For hadn't she invited this? No, she certainly had not. How was she to know he was such an old bounder? The more she thought the worse she felt. Oh, she was in a jam. And who but herself could she blame? Her cheeks burned and it seemed to her they blazoned her shame to the whole world.

WHAT could she do? She had promised to go to a dance with him tonight. Where, oh, where had her common sense been at that critical moment? hadn't she seen Doctor Sheldon as he really was before she had accepted that ridiculous invitation? Of course she could just run away but that wouldn't really settle things between them. Nothing but the \$20 to pay her bill could do that now. That \$20 she must have and have it before the dentist's office closed for the night. She glanced at her wrist watch. It was four fifteen. Resolutely she turned her steps towards Morley's Department Store. She had no time to lose.

"Yoo-hoo. Don't pass me up like that?" Afton Call, a home town girl overtook her breathlessly. "C'mon, you've got to go to a show with me. I've been trying to phone all afternoon."

"No. I can't today—no really. I'm awfully busy—I—no, no, I just can't-oh, yes, it's too sweet of you, Afton. I do appreciate it, but-." To go to a movie-to forget her own trouble. Wouldn't it be better after all, to just let things slide? How she hated to go back and cancel her order for that dress-besides losing the dress-(that thought gave her a pain) there was apt to be a lot of red tape and fuss about getting her money back. She could have the dresshave the movie, not have any fuss if she just kept her date with the doctor. In her mind she laughed to scorn the idea that she was afraid of "that old softie." She could manage him, but something blazed within her whenever she thought of that kiss. He had made her feel common and cheap. She knew if she ever came to compromise with him on that point she could never be friends with herself again. The thought of that kiss was too much. No movie for her today, no quiet sinking into forgetfulness, she must do battle. To wipe out that insult to her self-respect she was ready to brave-clerks, managers, yes, if need be, even an old parent's wrath.

"No, Afton, I really can't go," she said firmly. "Thanks a lot.

But I've something important to do."

Jacqueline tore herself away from this too insistent friend and now raced (this encounter had cost her ten minutes) back to Mor-

"The pink net dress, I just bought?" she cried all flushed and breathless when she found the clerk who had sold it to her.

'Yes?" the clerk raised an inter-

rogative eyebrow.
"I can't take it. I must have my money back."

"I'm afraid that's impossible."

"Why?"

"It was a sale dress-no exchanges, no refunds," the girl wasn't half so agreeable as when she was selling the dress.

'But I simply can't take it."

"But you've paid for it."
"Yes, but I have to get my money back. You just keep the dress and give me my money-isn't that simple?" Jacqueline tried to smile her most engaging smile.

"No, it isn't simple. It's already been mailed. I sent it myself half an hour ago."

"Oh, dear, but I just have to

have that money.

"I'm sorry, but I don't know what I can do about it.'

She turned with finality to adjust a dress on its hanger, but Jacqueline would not be so easily dismissed.

"Let me speak to the manager." The clerk gave an almost imperceptible shrug.

"I am the head of this depart-

ment.'

"I said the manager—the general manager," Jacqueline repeated firmly.

"Offices are on the fifth floor." There was open antagonism be-

tween them now.

ON the fifth floor Jacqueline wandered forlornly before she came to a door marked: Private, August Hartwell, General Manager.

She knocked timidly.

"Come in," a gruff voice shouted.

Jacqueline pushed open the door. A man of middle age with a grey clipped beard and bushy eyebrows over deep-set eyes looked up at her.

"If it's about a job," he said curtly, without rising, "Just fill in an application card there. We'll attend to you in your turn."

"But it isn't a job-it's a dress." "A dress?" he frowned.

"I came to see about a dress, I mean. It's a lovely dress but I can't take it." Jacqueline was too excited and too much in dead earnest to realize she sounded a bit queer. "If you give me my money back I'll never buy another dress as long as I live."

"That sounds very bad for business. Sit down a minute. Why you're all excited. Calm down while I finish this then you can tell me what it's all about."

His kindly interest was quite disarming. Most of her courage seemed to have already been expended and she was having a hard time not to cry. She told him everything. Even that she had hoped to sell some of her batiks. (Her art teacher had praised them immoderately.) Why, it was surprising how he got out the things you hadn't meant to say. She hadn't needed to tell him about the batiks and the advertising and the spring formal. When she left his office she held a note to the clerk at the adjustment desk. There the girl counted her money into her hand, three green fives, three bright dollars, three dingy quarters, '18.75. That's right, isn't it?"

Eighteen seventy-five and she had figured on twenty dollars. She owed Dr. Sheldon twenty dollars. It wouldn't do to give him eighteen seventy-five. No, never. She must see that he was paid in full. Oh ves-it was the beads. She had

forgotten the beads. Dear, why had she succumbed to them too. Would she have to go through all that again to get that dollar twenty-five back? Why, oh why, had she bought the beads?

She opened her purse to feel for them. They were not there.

Jacqueline's heart missed a beat. Where could those beads be? She knew she had slipped them into her purse-what was her next memory of them? Yes, she had held them a moment to the sunlight there in the dentist's waiting room. She had left them at Dr. Sheldon's. She must go back there if she was to get them.

No, she wouldn't. She'd just quit. She'd not try to do the right thing. It was too hard to undo things once they were done. Her pride had suffered enough this afternoon and to what avail? Other girls could buy a dress without getting into such a mess as this.

"Here's your change lady." young man put a crisp dollar bill into Jacqueline's hand that rested on a show case and counted into it four silver dimes, "One dollar, forty, right?"

Never had Jacqueline wanted to do anything so badly as to close her hand over that money and hurry away. Why it would save her-almost it seemed as though it were meant-but even while her mind still wavered her hand was refusing the money, her voice was saying firmly, "You're mistaken. It's not my change." Her senses were reeling with the force of her inward conflict. She felt she would suffocate. Her hand went to her throat. Then she did nearly faint for sheer joy-for there round her neck her fingers encountered the beads which she had been wearing

all the time.

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AT the jewelry counter a new girl was doing duty. She was dubious about exchanging the beads. There was no sales slipthey weren't even wrapped. "How am I to know you didn't just pick them up," her manner seemed to suggest. She called a floor walker; they whispered together. Jacqueline felt that she would like to stamp and scream but after all that wouldn't help matters, so she waited with a patient aloofness. Then in the next aisle Mr. Hartwell hurried by. He noticed her, nod-ded, smiled. The two employees were quick to see this. Immediately they were over eager to please her.

In the rest room she found an envelope and paper. She wrote: "Dr. Sheldon: Enclosed find

\$20 to settle in full my account with you.'

She went back to his office and placed the envelope in the letter box on his door, afraid every minute he would come out, but she got away without any encounter.

The package from Morley's waiting for her at the school Dorm Jacqueline returned without opening, but in three days it was back again and with it a letter from Mr. Hartwell. Jacqueline opened the letter with trembling fingers. It read:

"Dear Miss Bernard:

"We want a wall hanging for our early summer furniture exhibit. * * * If this first order gives satisfaction others will follow.

"The dress is charged to your account with us.'

AT the spring formal in the pink net dress Jacqueline was lovely as an apple-blossom.

"That dress was just made for you," Francis Duncan breathed into her ear to the rhythm of their first dance.

"Think so?" Jacqueline laughed. "For a while I was afraid it was not."

Always before she had ignored the vanished candies and the fruit. They were but trifles anyone might

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The Pudding Child (Continued from page 143)

constant source of new found bliss. No morning passed but what she stopped to say, "So you are there, my precious pudding child! 'Tis well. There you must stay, for Sunday comes a holiday! And then not all of Mexico shall have a finer feast than ours." Twice, too, when no one was around, she took it from its hiding place, unwrapped it from the many folds of paper she had placed it in to keep it from the air, unloosed the knots of two thick layers of cloth that held it bound, and with great reverence looked upon its tempting brownness and smelled its spicy sweetness until her nostrils fairly ached. Yet not once in all those swiftly flying days did Tris remind herself to sweep behind the trunk!

AT last the great day arrived. The morning passed, and Gene came home at noon with flying feet. She was puzzled, and a bit annoyed, to find that Tris had not yet swept her room. There were little pieces of paper lying all about the floor-a cloth was peering out from underneath the door -and in the center of the room there was a pan-an empty pana mottled metal pan. Quick as a flash she looked behind the trunk, and stooped to pick the pan from off the floor. But there was no mistake. Her pudding child was gone!

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try while working in the room. But this was different. The old Senora would hear of this, and Tris would be discharged. Poor Tris. And yet, poor Gene. She stumbled from the door too heart-broken to care about the tears that were streaming from hereyes-too heartbroken to be surprised that Jack, young Carlos' white and yellow dog was at the door to meet her. His impudent bobbed tail was bobbing more vigorously than usual, his eyes were brighter, his barking merrier; and his wide open mouth displayed a laughing tongue, speckled with something somehow gold and brown. Gene Vincent looked at him with painfully awakening realization. Slowly and calculatingly she lifted the empty pan above her head. Swiftly and surely she let it fall. Jack gave a startled cry, and fled.

'Que hubole? Que hubole?" cried the Senora as she appeared in the kitchen door and saw the racing figures turn the corner of the patio. "I teenk I help you!" And she seized a waiting broom, dealt Jack a bristly blow as he passed, and joined the chase.

'Que hubo! Que hubo!" came

deep masculine tones from the vicinity of the bathroom, as Don Pancho, lathered to the ears, burst through an inquisitive opening in the bathroom door. One look was enough. He snatched his leather razor strop, waved it wildly above his white head, and joined the

Halfway round the patio the four flying figures had goneshrieking, yelping, and weeping, when Gene Vincent suddenly remembered that she had always belonged, at least in heart, to that great universal society for the prevention of cruelty to dumb animals. And she stopped. And Don Pancho stopped. And Dona Paulina stopped. Stopped and listened to the whole tragic story of the precious pudding child.

While Jack, poor rascal, who didn't have sense enough to know the difference between a pudding child and a dog biscuit-and who to this day has never found out what the excitement was all about. fell exhausted into a dark corner of the patio, and for a whole day suffered from what is commonly known as disgrace-and indiges-

Precious Stones Among the Indians

(Continued from page 147)

gathered in a knot round his neck. His feet were defended by sandals having soles of gold, and the leathern thongs which bound them to his ankles were embossed with the same metal. Both the cloak and sandals were sprinkled with pearls and precious stones, among which the emerald and the chalchivitl-a a green stone of higher estimation than any other among the Aztecs -were conspicuous.'

Prescott, the historian of the Conquest, further tells us that most of the jewel cutters came from Cholula, already famous for its pottery. They not only fashioned articles inset with precious stones for personal adornment, but also made curious toys "in imitation of birds and fishes, with scales and feathers alternately of gold and silver, with movable heads and bodies. These fantastic little trinkets were often garnished with precious stones, and showed a patient, puerile ingenuity in the manufacture, like that of the Chinese."

"Skilled workmen Montezuma likewise employed in every craft that the Mexicans knew-in the cutting and polishing of precious stones, in working and smelting of gold and silver." (Kate Stevens, "Mastering of Mexico," page 159.) "Mexican sculptors worked generally in stone or wood: sometimes. however, they used granite, jasper and agate." (Lucien Biart, "The Aztecs," page 323.)

JN "Cusi Coyllur's Lament," a play described and included by Sir Clements Markham, K. C. B., in his book "The Incas of Peru," the stage properties include walls covered with golden slabs, "recesses, with household gods in the shape of maize-cobs and llamas, and gold vases in them * * * a red mantle secured by a golden topu or pin, set with emeralds * * * and a grey mantle with topu, set with pearls."

Cortes, permitted by Montezuma to visit the latter's gods, saw "colossal image of Huitzilopochtli, the tutelary deity and war god of the Aztecs. * * * The huge folds of a serpent, consisting of pearls and precious stones, were coiled round his waist, and the same

rich materials were profusely sprinkled over his person."

Pizarro, trained by his former leader. Cortes, led his intrepid folfollowers along the coast of Peru, falling on the natives "sword in hand" and were rewarded from the start, in the province of Coaque, with "food most welcome in their famished condition, a large quantity of gold and silver wrought into clumsy ornaments, together with many precious stones; for this was the region of the esmeraldas, or emeralds, where that valuable gem was most abundant. One of these jewels, that fell into the hands of Pizarro in this neighborhood, was as large as a pigeon's egg. luckily, his rude followers did not know the value of their prize; and they broke many of them in pieces by pounding them with hammers," in an attempt to determine whether they were the real jewel or not. "They were led to this extraordinary proceeding, it is said, by one of the Dominican missionaries, Fray Reginaldo de Pedraza, who assured them that this was the way to prove the true emerald, which could not be broken. It was observed that the good father did not subject his own jewels to this wise experiment; but, as the stones, in consequence of it, fell in value, being regarded merely as colored glass, he carried back a considerable store of them to Panama.'

MHETHER the Incas used pearls as did their Aztec cousins, or not, the Spaniards speedily set the natives to diving for them. By 1681 the Spanish governor at Lima was in possession of sufficient pearls to braid the mane of his horse with them. Anciently, too, pearls were used by very early Americans, as recorded in the Book of Mormon, 4 Nephi, verse 24:

"And now, in this two hundred and first year there began to be among them those who were lifted up in pride, such as the wearing of costly apparel, and all manner of fine pearls, and of the fine things of the world."

Even in those days pearls helped to divide the people into classes; 'and from that time forth they did have their goods and their substance no more common among them."

Evidences have been found also in Ohio mounds, that pearls were used as burnt offerings to idols. It

†William H. Prescott, "History of the Conquest of Mexico," page 136. ‡William H. Prescott, "Conquest of Peru," pages 316-17.

seems to be the practice of primitive peoples everywhere to offer that to their gods which seems of most importance to themselves. When death came to an Aztec or an Inca, heartshaped green stones, of jade or emerald were placed in the mouths of the deceased. This "heart" was supposed to go with him through eternity, since in most cases the warrior's human heart had been torn from his body as a sacrifice to stone images; very few Indian men died of old age at the time of the Spanish conquest of America, the braves deeming it an honor to be sacrificed, if captured in battle.

The Inca emperor Atahuallpa, on the occasion of his visit to Pizarro at the city of Caxamalca, wore "round his neck * * * a collar of emeralds of uncommon size and brilliancy." These passed into the hands of the Spaniards on the death of the Inca noble. But another, unknown ruler of Yucatan, was buried in regal splendor. Jade tablets, more valuable to the Mayas than gold, and of all varieties were found in his tomb by Edward H. Thompson, at Chichen Itza. He describes his finds in the mysterious cavern which he believes to be the last resting place of the great High Priest, Kukul Can, as follows:

"Below (as the workmen descended), clearly seen in the light of the lamp, was a pure-white vessel which had fallen apart, and from it streamed gleaming, shining objects. We landed as carefully as though stepping on a mound of eggs. taking our feet from the nooses (in the ropes by which we descended), we called to the men above to make the ropes fast and to be ready for our signals.

"Leaving the lantern standing as it was and no longer troubled by air-currents, we lit our candles. Directly in the center of the pit was a large mound and crowning it was the white vase, made of translucent material like alabaster, carved from a solid block and engraved with a leaf design in highly conventionalized meanders, combined with geometrical designs around the rim and sides.

"It was broken into several pieces, but these were large and the whole was quickly and easily fitted together into the original shane.

"The vase, which had a capacity of about a quart, contained a quantity of exquisite jade beads and pendants, a large plaque with surfaces richly carved and representing conventionalized human figures with religious regalia, a polished jade globe over an inch in diameter and shining clear in spite of the ages of dust, oblong pendants, and thin, minutely carved earornaments. This was but a tenth of what the vessel had once held. The rest we found later in the heaped-up material beneath it."§

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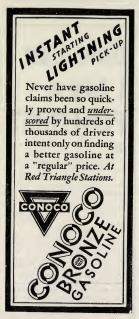
[§]T. A. Willard, "The City of the Sacred Well," pages 256, 257.



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Many more objects of jade, obsidian, flint and other hard and precious stones were located in the holy cenotl near by.

Speaking of the Indian princes Stevens (Mastering of Mexico, page

75) says:

"They brought forth their presents—ten packages or loads of cloth richly worked with feathers, four chalchibuites (green stones which the Mexicans think most excellent of its kind and hold at greater value than we hold the emerald), and all kinds of gold trinkets. * * * The four rich stones, they said, should be sent to our emperor, for each was of more value than a load of gold."

SUBSEQUENTLY Cortes was disappointed when after giving him great loads of gold and silver, Montezuma as a special gift offered him four of the precious chalchihuite stones. In the eyes of the Conquistadores, greedy for gold, the stones were worth "less than the clay beneath our feet." That they were not a total loss, however, is revealed by later chroniclers, who tell that these same stones were used later in Spain as cure-alls for kidney disease; and that due to the high praise bestowed upon them by Cortes and his followers, they brought a good price.

Turquoise, emeralds, jade, jadeite and nephite-all green stones of great value to ancient and modern Americans-vied with another stone, useful as well as precious in the eyes of the Indians. This substance, obsidian, was used for knives, lance and spear heads, as well as sculpture and for personal adornment. In most cases this glass-like stone was black. A mask carved from this substance has been unearthed from Mexican ruins and is now in the safe-keeping of an American museum. A mirror of obsidian from Oaxacia, Mexico, now rests in the Trocadero museum. Paris.

In contrast to the slick black obsidian of the sacrificial knife and the pendant, was the rock crystal, held in high esteem for its water-like clearness. A life-sized skull carved from the solid crystal rock has been taken from Mexico to the British Museum. Beads, pendants, amulets and plaques have been formed of this precious stone, some of which may be found now in the Field Museum, Chicago. They are interesting pieces of jewelry, as well as rare finds of the art of a lost race.

Some diamonds have been found on the American Continent, notably in Brazil. Unhealthy climatic conditions and poor methods of transportation have prevented their exploitation commercially, but the natives still use a few uncut stones as ornaments.

The sapphire, national stone of the United States, is another gem in high favor with the American Indian. Perhaps this like can be traced back to his Hebrew ancestors, who used the stone as one of twelve in the breastplate of the High Priest of Israel. It is a stone welcomed for its natural beauty and clearness. Generally of a deep blue, but occasionally of yellow or violet, it is found in North Carolina. Star sapphires have also been found in Helena, Montana, which are noted for their remarkable lustre.

Amethyst and chalcedony, a small amount of rubies, some horn-blend, black onyx, chrysoprase, carnelian or sard and sardonyx, agates, golden quartz are used by Indians of eastern and western United States. Other gems and precious stones, with the localities from which they come, and probably used in times past by the Red Men of those vicinities, follow:

Moss agates, blood stone or heliotrope, brown and speckled jasper, east, west and southern states; amber, Texas, Mexico; jet, New and Old Mexico; opal and hyalite, Utah (Provo and Beaver Valley); garnets, Navajo reservation (also peridots, though these are not used in settings except on special request from tourists); tourmalines, Arizona; diopside cyanite, rich blue and green, from Red Bluff, Montana and Moosup, Conn.; quartz gems, Maine, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, California, Arizona and Wyoming.

IN Arizona precious quartz crystals have been found in the trunks of petrified trees. Tourists who visited the petrified forest to obtain them, and consequently destroyed much of the beauty of this natural park, became so prevalent some time ago, that the hunting of quartz in that region was prohibited.

Jet also is found in Colorado, and perhaps elsewhere in the west. Beautiful red sun stones come from Delaware county, Pa.; aragonite, California; lapis-lazuli, from the Peruvian Andes; jade lip ornaments, jadeite, Alaska, as well as Mexico, Brazil and Peru; alabaster, Iowa City, and Yucatan; Catlinite or pipe stone, Minnesota; diamonds, Brazil, Wisconsin, Califor-

nia and Montana; ruby, North Carolina; sapphire, Montana; emerald, Peru, Mexico, North and South Carolina; beryl, Maine; moonstones are found in several states and in many combinations. Lava, or volcanic glass, has also been fashioned as jewelry, and makes a fine showing as a gem. Many other jewels, gems and precious stones could be mentioned. In fact, the American Indian, like the curious boy, picked up any shiny stone that would retain a fine polish, or was pretty to look at and used it to decorate his person.

When we remember that the warrior used vari-colored paint as war "make-up" and wore strings of bear claws to denote his bravery, and crests of eagle feathers on his bonnet as a token of his estate, we see that it was not only the female of the species that was vain. And as it was with paint, bear claws and eagle feathers, so it was with precious stones among the ancient Americans; and so perhaps it is today. Both men and women, red, white or black skinned, like precious stones. And from all accounts, from personal observation, and from rumor, fact and fiction, America seems indeed to be the land of plenty-plenty of precious stones, plenty of the precious things of earth-for all who live here and take advantage of their opportun-

Photography in the Saddle

(Continued from page 151)

feel the urge. Most of the girls continue writing for years and years. They always ask for a picture of a cowboy on a horse. Now and then one writes asking for a place for her "sweetie" who is becoming fed up on the city. One girl wrote from Vienna, Austria, asking Belden if he would "ride over and look into her oil stock in Wyoming."

But the letters, all of them are easily explained. Belden's pictures do that. He's up and shooting his ranch scenes before dawn and he's there to catch the glories of a western sunset. In a few months that 60,000 miles in the saddle will have been stretched to 70,000. There will be more mail and doubtless, more pictures.



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PRINTERS, BINDERS, RULERS

29 Richards Street Salt Lake City, Utah

The Indian Farmer Succeeds

(Continued from page 153)

Today they are happy in both their labor and home life, and are respected by Indians and whites alike. Theirs has been the reward of the old homely virtues and industry, which remain staunch and dependable, even when more complicated and more modern systems fail.

FORTY acres of the Pemma farm are fenced. The cultivated land is divided into fields of peas, oats, corn and vegetables. They have a large, well cultivated garden, and even in spite of grasshoppers, drouth, and other scourges, manage by hard labor to receive good yields.

The Pemmas are wise. They conserve their products for the long unproductive winter months which cause so much suffering to those with less foresight. Under the house is a good cellar where vegetables are carefully stored. Wild berries, which grow in this section in such abundance are canned and stored away, testifying to the Pemmas' wisdom in taking all which nature so bountifully provides, and putting it away for future consumption. They have no silo, but

a frost proof root house is filled with rutabagas and turnips for stock feed. Stock peas are raised and stored in the barn, along with a crop of oats, which is cut with straw and grain together for feed. The winter is long and it takes much to winter the stock through, but when winter comes these people have no fear. They are ready.

Mack Pemma is an especially good potato producer. Last year he had a yield of about 200 bushels. He sold some during the winter but they were of such good quality that a large portion of his crop was held over to spring and sold for seed.

T was here that the Indian had the opportunity to prove that he is sometimes able to help the less fortunate white people. Due to the cessation of work in the woods and sawmills, many white people were forced to seek aid. Mack Pemma provided thirty-five bushels of potatoes for relief purposes. The Indian commonly thought of as the receiver, turned provider in this instance.

Not all Indians are nearly as far advanced as Mack Pemma and his family, any more than all white people are as far advanced as some of our leaders. But as individuals they can advance, and industry and thrift reward them the same as the individuals of any other race.

The Beloved Cinderella

(Continued from page 173)

the full significance of John's anxiety; he had a deeper problem to solve. He turned on his wife.

"Ma, what's all this? D'you know?"

MRS. BINNEY seemed to shrink up. To John's startled eyes her round face shriveled like a pignut. She made no answer beyond a sob in her throat.

Mr. Binney strode across the room. For the first time in his life he looked almost fierce.

"Ma," he said hoarsely, "what's it mean? You know somethin'—sure, you do, I can see it; don't need no magnifying-glass either! What does Stargrass mean? You tell me that, Mrs. Binney, I—I've got a right to know!"

He got no answer. Mrs. Binney rose suddenly, bolted past him, sobbing loudly, and, plunging into the kitchen, slammed the door and locked it.

John saw Mr. Binney's face flush darkly. The old man stood staring after her. What did his wife know? What had she done? He was still staring at that violently shut door when John, who could delay no longer, plunged out into the storm.

As he pushed his way through heavy snow he shivered, not with physical discomfort, but out of sympathy with Star—how a delicate girl would feel it if the train stalled. A good many trains had stalled in snow-storms on that bleak line out to Fishkill Point. The track was storm-swept beyond the junction. There was a gathering fog, too; he heard the fog-horn out at sea. As he got below Main Street he found that the trolley was in difficulties. A snow-plow had

come in with discouraging reports; some of the light-poles were already down. He pressed on to the little station and found it cold, even with the stove going. No train in since eight thirty-seven! The track from the junction was blocked; they had a gang of workmen out to clear it, but the storm was beating them. Not sending trains out from Fishkill.

"Not one!" the station-master said flatly. "Ain't no use."

"Any chance of the twelve forty-seven from town getting in?"

John inquired anxiously. , He shook his head. "Not a mite of a chance unless the snow stops driftin'. I got a 'phone through when it started. It was late comin' out; must be about half way to th' junction now, unless it's stalled."

JOHN left him, heartsick. As he came out on the platform he saw a strange vision emerging from the snow. It was Texas, MacDonald's black mule, drawing Pap Binney's old-fashioned sleigh.

Pap hailed John anxiously.
"Got any news? I came right down-soon as I could hitch up. Thought maybe we'd have to drive

down to the junction."

"No news, wires down and some report that the train's stalled at the junction." John's face was grave. "It's somewhere on the line; it started.'

"You get in, John," Pap said. "We'll drive over to th' signaltower an' get the lay of th' land. Th' wind'll be behind us; we can make it tol'rable easy. As long as she's on th' train she's safe," he added, as John climbed in, "if 'she stays on board—."
"Stays? She couldn't get off in this storm!"

'You don't know Stargrass! She's th' darnest little adventurer out of a story-book; never could keep th' child out of mischief. Climb anythin,' ride anythin', kinder sweet all th' time, never could give her a lickin' for anything. Look at Tex here, she can ride him—as easy! Ain't anyone else can. Kinder set in his ways, that mule; look at his ears.'

"Mr. Binney, you don't think she'd be foolish enough to leave the train?" John exclaimed.

Pap shook his head. knows, John! These women critters do beat all. Look at my wife now. Ma's real sensible, always was. She's locked in th' kitchen

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now, cryin' to beat th' band; knows somethin' an' won't let on. I'm-I'm kinder worried, but it ain't any use talkin'. Till we see Star, we don't know anythin'. Do you?"

"Not a thing! It's a bolt from the blue to me. I know Blanchard was devoted to her-in his way. I can see no reason to doubt the proofs Pharcellus gave to your wife. I went over them with Mr. Blan-

chard, they were all O. K."

Pap said nothing. His rough old cap was pulled down over his ears and the collar of his old sheepskin coat was pulled up. John got only a glimpse of his short

At the signal-tower they got no good news. Trains were not running east of the junction, and two were stalled beyond it. Day coaches with no dining-car.

"Any place t' get food 'round

there?" Pap asked.

"Not a place; got to walk over here, I reckon," the signal-man laughed at his own joke. "Kinder warm on th' train, I'm thinkin," he added jocularly; "it's eight be-low this minute an' droppin'."

Pap slapped the reins on Tex's broad flanks. "I'll have to drive over t' th' junction," he said to John. "Wanter go back to th' John. shop?"

Nelson met the old man's eyes

squarely. "I'm going with you," he said hoarsely. "Pap," he dropped formalities, "she—she turned me down for Carr before I left-but I love her!"

Mr. Binney put out his hand. "Shake," he said laconically, and then: "Get along, Tex!"

Suppose the mule balks half way over," John suggested with growing impatience. "Let's try for a high-powered motor; can't we hire

PAP chuckled dryly. "Ain't any around here now. Couple of old ramshackles, an' th' owners wouldn't let 'em out in this storm. This ain't nothin' but a summer resort. Tex ain't goin' t balk, he's mighty good at pullin'. You see, it's this way," he added soberly; "this mule can face th' storm, my old horse can't, an', John, I've got to ride over to th' junction. I-I kinder feel uneasy -maybe I ain't right, maybe I'm all wrong, but I kinder feel uneasy!"

John did not answer, he only nodded. He was looking steadily ahead. They had reached the trolley tracks and there was an opening between drifts. Tex took to it nobly, and the old sleigh labored along through deep snow. The gale was behind them, beating against their backs, whistling in

Pap looked up uneasily. "Gettin' mighty dark! December days are dratted short," he grunted.

John was peering out through falling flakes, the cold biting into his face and hands.

"Gosh!" Pap half rose. "There's a red light-see that long black

thing, like a giant caterpillar?' "The train, thank God!" said John. "Of course, she's safe."

The train seemed to emerge from the mist, stationary, dark. brakeman's red lantern made a ring of light on the snow.

A young lady? Fair hairmighty pretty?"

That's her!" Pap cried. "Where's she at? We've come for

The brakeman raised his lantern and threw its red light full on their

anxious faces.

"She ain't here," he said gravely. "Only one woman on th' train now, she's middle-aged an' she's got a kid with her. The young lady got off an hour ago-started walkin'. Say, I tried to stop her! She said she knew th' way sure.'

Pap turned a gray face to John. The wind veered suddenly and swept the snow toward them, blinded them with great cruel flakes. The early winter night was closing in, and Star, little Star, was out there somewhere in that freezing, cruel darkness!

(To be Concluded)

The Indian's Medicine Bag

(Continued from page 155)

more disgraceful than to have it taken from him in combat. Though he sometimes buried it, to please the white missionary who tried to convince him that his devotion to this magic bag was a form of idolatry and consequently wrong, the Indian would return as long as he lived, to the place where his talisman was interred, and there pour out his supplications to the Giver of All Good.

SHOULD a chieftain chance to have a series of disasters in battle, or should pestilence prey upon the members of his tribe, he concluded he had in some way offended his medicine, which, as the protector of his welfare, he must propitiate for the return of good fortune. In accordance with this idea all members of his tribe were com-

manded to fast, while dogs and horses were sacrificed to the Guardian Spirit, of which his medicine bag was but the symbol.

their ears.

All that was bravest and best in the Indian was fostered by his de-While it votion to his medicine. was a reprehensible thing for him to lose his own medicine bag in battle, it became a matter of glory for him to collect the medicine bags as well as the scalps of the warriors he had slain. These he brought back as trophies to his tribe, where they bore record to his prowess in defending his own people. So, in obeying his medicine, he was, to all his tribe, truly brave and good. Perhaps, also, the possession of his medicine bag, helped him somehow, to satisfy his inner yearnings to understand the mystery of life, and to appreciate, in some measure, its meaning and value.

Bee Hive Girls

(Continued from page 181)

HELEN: So am I. Now you promised to tell us one more thing.

(Knock is heard.)
MARGARET: Here are the other girls. (Introductions.)

HELEN: Margaret promised to tell us one more thing about Bee-Hive

MARGARET: So I will and the girls will help me. A-line-fall in-salute. Upon my honor each day I will endeavor to: Have Faith, Seek Knowledge, Safeguard Health, Honor Womhood, Understand Beauty, Know Work, Love Truth, Taste the Sweetness of Service, Feel Joy.

GERTIE: Do you have your own songs too?

MARGARET: Yes. (All join in singing—"Honey Gatherers' Song.") CURTAIN

It is suggested that swarm day exercises be typically Bee-Hive and given by Bee-Hive Girls. The above playlet may be used on such occasions.

owr Page and Ours

THE COVER

MARCH SKIES IN UTAH" is the title we give this month's cover. The photograph was taken last March near central Utah by Dr. Wayne B. Hales, of the Physics department and official photographer, Brigham Young University. There is a "pull" at the heart in March when the clouds ride high, the skies are a tender blue and the Geose

GEORGE M. EASTER SPILLS "THE BLOOD OF KINGS" OVER EIGHT TYPEWRITTEN PAGES

UITE delighted to see a story in the Era which dealt with genealogy, my favorite study; I sat down with anticipations of a good time reading it. Alas and alack, the story aroused only my critical sense," George begins: "and never given to dozing, and before long I was blue-penciling and making notations.

"Nor do I wish to hurt your feelings or the feelings of anyone connected with the Era, least of all the author of the story. But the criticism needs to be read by you at least, and if it goes no farther than the Era office it will have gone far enough. If, however, you wish to refer it to Mr. Bennett, of the Genealogical Society, for his expert opinion, I have no objection. I think anything dealing with such a subject and intended for publication should pass him first. It would be

Mr. Easter then goes forward with seven pages of criticism. Sorry he has too much for this page. He criticises the timeassigned 13 days to the elapsed time of the story. He thinks too many already believe the gathering of genealogy is easy. "Now for the flimsy facts," he goes on. "I hope you will pardon me calling them such. You probably thought them solid enough when you passed the story. But flimsy they are, as I shall endeavor to show you. There are undoubtedly many Mormons who could do as I am doing and set you right."

He then takes issue with the story because Mrs. Sprague hired a genealogist in Philadelphia instead of in New Jersey. Then he says, "I wonder at her describing the great grandfather as a beach-comber, which is a term applied only to drifters on the Pacific Islands, though first used to mean the New Zealand miners who combed the New Zealand sands for gold. The term has never been used to designate riff-raff on the New Jersey coast." He then defends the "beach-combers" through a heated paragraph. They were not such bad people after all. Mrs. Sprague ought not, in his opinion, to feel ashamed of her great-grandfather.

to feel ashamed of her great-grandtather.

I wish we had room for all of the letter. But here is a paragraph we enjoyed: "'To Henry III of England without a break!" he is quoting from the story, "'Marvelous! My dear, Leongratulate you!' she held out her hand. You've the blood of Kings in your veins!'"
"Study this paragraph."Mr. Easter admonishes. "It is the funniest thing I have ever read." "Then the genealogist

betrays her sublime ignorance of her own trade-secrets-that the descendents of Kings need no congratulations, because all people are descendants of Kings. * * * Not only do most people are descendants of runnings. Too only do most (iff not all people share with Etta in the distinction of descending from royalty, but in descending from Henry III. That is, speaking of all English and most Europeans and their American relations * * * *." "Think these things over. * * * And if you do not think I know my stuff, let me tell you that already I have Henry III an ancestor 30 times over, and have just begun to learn the art of tracing * * * "The probability is great that I must multiply the times I shall find Henry III cropping up already by 512, making 15,360

* * " That is a poser. Mr. Easter concludes: "If genealogy can be kept from the fiction writers for once, in your magazine, I shall be glad. The facts are stranger than fiction could make them, but, I suppose, are excluded by your policy, from the pages

of the Era.

We assure Mr. Easter that only lack of space keeps the remainder of his "facts" from the Era pages. Come again,

Editor Era. Eureka, Utah, Jan. 6, 1934. Dear Brother:

A MONG the splendid reading in the December Era "The Power of Truth," by William George Jordan, and the "Eternal Bridge," by Judge Jensen for the building of character and strengthening of faith are fine, while Estelle Thomas's mumps story will surely banish the blues from any normal mortal, and "The Blood of Kings," in the January number, by Florence Hartman Townsend, is a peach for its contents of corrective and beneficial snuff for snobs and clean humor.

Yours sincerely, D. H. Horg.

ANDREW JENSON SPEAKS OF OGDEN'S HOLE

THE veteran assistant Church Historian, Andrew Jenson, has taken exception to some of the "facts" spoken of in Glenn S. Perrins' article—"The Settlement of Ogden's Hole." Historian Jenson has replied in what virtually amounts to another article. We are holding it for publication later. He maintains that there need be no confusion concerning the settlement of the City of Ogden with that of Ogden's Hole. Mr. Perrins' article dealt with the settlement of Ogden City.

LETTERS LIKE THIS ONE MAKE US WISH-

RECEIVED the last copy of the Era yesterday," writes a mother from down Arizona way. "Have appreciated and read every issue, be assured of that. Our apologies for not being able to renew the subscription. Halley (the son) is with the reforestation boys, and his check does not permit of wants and desires—just needs—for himself, his mother, and occasionally his sister. The N. R. A. has requested that as long as Halley is supporting me that I give others my opportunities of work. So 'spect I'd better try to do my part and be nice about it. But we have appreciated and enjoyed the Era and passed it on to others—Latter-day Saints—who wanted it and could not subscribe. Tell your beloved President Grant that I once heard him sing. Liked it a lot. You see I happen to like singing, and so his voice was filed away-where writings never see. * * * And last but not least your poetry! having once worked in a print shop or rather the news department, would say the poetry was lovelier on one page, and as a lover of poetry I always turned to the 'Ripple Page' first. Did you ever sit under the trees of Salt Lake City, on the banks of little streams—note a million fragrant odors in the breezes! Hm-m-m! note a minion tragram outers in the otteress: Annual That was your poetry page. Then somebody scattered that lovely, thoughtful nook all over the Eta! That wasn't nice! Tell them I said so. Please tell ye Editor to leave one little summery nook of old Salt Lake City. Who could make it lovelier than Pioneers? And if I ever see the Era againand I'm hoping-I hope to see the 'Ripple Page'.

THIS POET IS NINE-AND-A-HALF



TWO CATS By Kent Blevins

Two cats so cute and small; Two cats so quick and bright; Two cats that drink their milk together, Play together-climb together.

SOME time ago a lad appeared at the office of The Improvement Era. He said he

had a poem which he wished to present to the editor. He was invited in. He did not have his poem on mere paper, he had it written on the tablets of his mind. He stood up grandly and recited.

Upon being asked about the cats he said: "They like to climb trees and look over the world; last night one of them stood up on his hind legs and put his paws on the handle of the coal bucket. He was trying to stand up like a man.'

Of what stuff is poetry made? Sometimes we would really like to know.

